

THE ODDEST OF ALL

ODDITIES,

BEING

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AN ODD BOOK OF ALL THE ODD SERMONS

THAT HAVE BEEN

Preached in the Fields, and such odd Chapels,

IN EVERY

ODD YEAR, ODD MONTH, OR ODD DAY,

SINCE THE ODD YEAR SEVENTY-ONE:

Humbly dedicated to the Use of those odd Gentlemen
who shew the odd Strength of their odd Lungs,
very odd Opportunity in the above
odd Chapels, &c.

To which is added, as an odd end to the odd Book,

THE MOST CURIOUS OF ALL CURIOSITIES,

CONSISTING OF

Curious HISTORIES, EPISTLES, &c.

COMPILED

For the use of every odd Subject of Great Britain,

From curious six Inches to odd seven Feet,

By their odd and curious humble Servant,

ODICURIOUS,

PHILOSOPHER AND MEMBER OF THE ODD CLUB,
OF ODD FELLOWS.

L O N D O N

Printed at No. 50, Bishopsgate-street within, 1790

THE GUEST OF

OLD TIMES

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THE ODDEST

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METHODIST SERMON,

FROM G. A. STEVENS'S LECTURE ON HEADS.

BRETHREN! Brethren! Brethren! (The word Brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all do breathe-there-in.) What are you drowzy, then I'll rowze ye: I'll beat a tat-toe upon the parchment cases of your consciences; and whip the devil about like a whirl-a-gig among you, I will, I will, I will—Even as the cat, Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth squ-a-l-l out; so from the bottom of my voice will I ba-w-l out; and the organ pipes of my lungs, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye: and the sweet wrods that I shall utter—and the sweet words that I shall utter, will sugarcandy your souls, and make carraway comfits of your consciences!

Do you know how many taylors make a man? Why nine—Nine taylors make a man—And how many make half a man? Why four journyemen and an apprentice. Even so have you all been bound 'prentice

tice to Miss-fortune the fashion-maker; and now you are out of your times, you have set up for yourselves, you have, you have, you have. Did you ever see a man eating boiling hot hasty pudding? Do you know how many wry faces he makes when it scalds him; Just so many wry faces will YOU make, when Old Nick has nick'd YOU.

My great bowels groan for ye, and my sm-a-ll guts yearn for ye. I have got the gripes, the gripes of compassion. and the belly-ach of pity.—Give me a dram! Give me a dram—Give me a dram—A dram of Patience I mean, while explain unto you, what reformation, and what abomination mean: which the worldly wicked have mixed together like potatoes and butter milk, and therewith made a sinful stirabout. Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of Porter!—and Abomination, why that is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap tub.

Have you carried your consciences to the scowerer's lately? Have you brought any fullers earth to take the stains out? You say, Yes, you have, you have, you have;— But I say, No; you lie! you lie! you lie!—I am no velvet mouth preacher! I scorn your lawn sleeves.—You are all full of filth; ye must be boiled and parboiled; yea, ye must be boiled down in our tabernacle to make portable soup, for the saints to sup a ladle full of: and then the scum and the scaldings of your iniquities will bail over; and that is called the kitchen stuff of your consciences, which serve to grease the cart wheels that carries us over the Devil's ditch; why there is the Devil's ditch aye and the Devil's gap too:—The Devil's ditch, that's among the jockeys at Newmarket: and the Devil's gap; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's Inn-Fields. And then there is the Devil among the taylor's, and the Devil among the players: yes, yes, the players they play the Devil to pay.—The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves

selves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation.—
Tragedy is the blank verse of Beelzebub; Comedy
is his hasty pudding; and Pantomime is the Devil's
country-dance.—And yet, you'll pay the players for
seeing plays; yes, yes; but you wont pay me: not
till Beelzebub's hum-bailiff lays hold of you; and then
you think I will pay your garnish: but I wont tho'.
No; you shall all lay on the common side of the
world; like a toad in a hole that is baked for the
Devil's dinner.

—Put some money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher, cannot eat;
For 'tis with grief of Heart I tell ye,
How much this preaching scowrs the belly
How pinching to the humane tripe,
Is Pity's belly-ach and gripe:
But that Religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

Do put some money in the plate.—Pray put some
money in the plate; and then all your iniquities shall
be scalded away: even as they scald the bristles off the
hog's back; and you shall be cleansed from all your
sins, as easily as the Barber shaveth away the weekly
beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
That I, your preacher now may eat,
And then I will, when e'er you please,
With lifted hands on bended knees,
Say, sing and swear, that only those are right,
Who croud this tabernacle every Night.

O'BRIEN'S IRISH SERMON,
OR, ROMAN CATHOLIC MASS-HOUSE LECTURE;

Addressed to *** *****

And delivered in the character of an IRISH PRIEST,

(Taken from his *Lusorium*.)

SO, there ye all are, now, expecting, I suppose, that I shall slabber and palaver ye, and come mother Delany over ye, who had a tongue that would carney over the very devil himself; but, before I spake one word to ye, I tell ye, first and foremost, ye are all(except some of ye, who I see are not here, that would e after giving me these brouges and this blankeen*) a parcel of brats of the devil's own nursing; and, secondly, ye slabber up wickedness as if it was butter-milk or bunnaugh-clabber; thirdly, ye havn't a morsel of goodness in ye half so big as a schraugheen potatoe; forthly and lastly, ye don't care what becomes of your poor souls, though, when you come to confession, ye make such a hubbubbooming about them. Augh, the devil will play hell with ye for it, and ye may say that I said so, for you come here with your beads and your credo's, and your ave-mary's, and to thump your craws, while, perhaps, ye are thinking whose throat you shall cut; nay, very likely, ye may cut mine before the next time I celebrate mass here, ye are a pack of such bloody-minded bog-trotters; for, devil burn me, I dare say it was some one or t'other of ye who kill't poor Tedy Balin O'Graugh, upon the blind quay, where, if it had not been for Jammy M'Gree and myself, the poor fellow had lost his life becace of it. But you will be after doing these things, for all I put you in mind of them never so often. Augh, ye carneying thieves, you'll all be damn'd for it as the Methodists say whether or not; so it doesn't magnify your howling and yowling about it, for who the devil

* A loose great coat

devil is to find ye in absolutions and indulgencies for nothing at all at all? if I do, the devil himself may stew me in Peg Gugararoo's fire pot.—But why the devil will I be bothering ye about the devil, when you don't know who the devil is, no more than the Pope of Rome, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or nobody else; and therefore as ye may like to hear a little morsel about him, I'll be after telling ye something concerning that same Mr Devil, out of charity to ye, that ye may know whether it be him or not, the next time ye see him, or have any thing to do with him, or he with you.

Arrah believe me, my honies, he is a devilish black ill-looking son of a bitch, with a pair of eyes bigger than his whole carcass put together, and with a tail like a great big shilalatre, which he pisses upon, and whisks about your eyes, and then ye can't see what ye are a talking about, and so ye sputter out all manner of balderdash; but as nobody never would be seeing him, there is no knowing what colour he's of, for sometimes he's white, sometimes he's blue, sometimes he's—hurroo, Pat Mahoney, you son of a whore, up in the corner there, an't you ashamed of yourself, to be poking your fist up the girl's petticoats while I am preaching? arrah, you thought, I suppose, that I cudn't see you because I was looking another way.—Devil fire me, but you have put me out.—Augh, I know now what I was upon.—Sometimes the devil is black, sometimes he's all manner of colours, and sometimes he's no manner of colour at all at all, just as it suits him; and as for jumping the devil can't match himself for that, for he thinks no more of taking a flying leap from Patrick O'Fagen's, in Tipperary, to Jackey M'Owen's, in Iniskilling, than I do of peeling a potatoe, and as for where he was born, nobody knows that, or whether he ever was born at all at all; or where he was christened, (though he has had as many names upon his head as there are hairs on his tail

tail) because the registers are all lost.—But, however, all that I can say is to as much purpose as telling a cow to say the pater-noster, so I'll take no more trouble with ye, ye snivelling blathering thieves ye, but let ye alone, till ye get to that half-way house called purgatory, where the devil a drop of good whiskey you'll find, I can tell you that; and, therefore, without you leave a trifle or so behind for me, the devil a saint will I pray to, to help ye out.—But as I see I have put inelancholly upon the blade bones of your faces, I'll be finishing my Sermon by concluding it with telling ye, for your comforts, that ye are not a bit better than a parcel of rotten potatoes fit only for the devil to fatten his hogs with.

THE SECRET DISCLOSED

In the Itinerant Field Orator's Methodist Sermon,
FROM MASTER RUSSELL'S LECTURE,
Or Attic Evening's Entertainment.

YOU that have ears to hear, eyes to see, tongues to taste, and throats to swallow, draw near.—Draw near I say, and pick up the crumbs I shall scatter among you.—The crumbs of comfort, where-with you must be cram'd, until you become chickens of grace, and are coop'd up in the hen coop of righteousness.

If your hearts are as hard as a Suffolk cheese—or a Norfolk dumplin,—my discourse shall beat them as it were, on a cobbler's lapstone, till they become as soft as a roasted apple.—Aye, even as soft as custard meat, and melt in your bellies like a marrow pudding.

Do you know what trade Adam was—I say, do you know what trade Adam was? if you don't, I'll tell you.—Why, Adam was a planter, for he planted the beautiful garden of EDEN.

Well

Well then, do you know what was the first thing Adam set in his garden?—Ho! ho! ho! you don't! don't you. —Then I will tell you.—His foot.—His foot.—I say, was the first thing Adam set in his garden,—But he could not keep it there.—No, no, no, no, no, he could not keep it there, for Lucifer's Bum Bailiff came behind him, tript up his heels and trundled him out again neck and shoulders.

I'll tell you a secret,—I say, I'll tell you a secret, knees were made before elbows, aye, knees, I say, were made before elbows, for the beast of the field was made before man and they have no elbows at all. Therefore, down on your knees, down on your marrow-bones, and pray for mercy, else you will all be turned into Belzebub's under-ground kitchen, to make bubble and squeak of your souls for the devil's dinner.

A WELCH SERMON,

*Said to be preached at a FUNERAL by a MINISTER of
GLANGOTHAN, IN GLAMORGANSHIRE.*

Tearly Peloved,

I AM come here among you to make a creat preachment upon that dead pody: My text is the ten and twentieth chapter of the *Maccabees*, te ferse indeet I cannot now ferry well remember, but I am sure it is dere, te words be dese, *Fechilate de Orate*; dat is to shay, Vatch and Pray: And I will stick to my text I will warrant you.

Our creat crandfather Adam was a fery coot man, in coot truth was he, and dwelt in Cot's own house in Paradise, and a prave place I will warrant you it was; he had efry thing provided in his hand, he did not buy so much as a noggen, piggen, or spoon; he had plenty of apple-trees, plumb-trees, pear-trees, sherry

sherry-trees, and costling-trees, and all sorts of trees; but for want of coot take heed, he was fallen: ah! how was he fallen?

Why, I will tell you how he was fallen.

Our creat grandmother Eve, (a pox Cot take her for a plagny paggage) must needs go a rambling and a changling from home, and coot not stay at home with her own husband, put did rop an orchard, the devil show'r the way (*for if dere be any mischief about, the Devil and Woman must have a finger in the pye*) for she came home, and persuaded her husband to eat some of her stolen apple; it was a creat mercy O Cot, it did not stick in hur throat and choak hur.

After she prov'd with child, and was prout to pet of a fine poy, and call'd his name—I cannot now fery well remember—O tear! it was Cain; aye, Cain vas it; he was a prave lat, put an unlucky rogue like his mother. And a little time after that she proofed with child again, and was prout to bed of another fine poy, and called his name Apel; dis vas a very cood lat, for he did stick to part of my text, he did pray; and had he vatched too, pefore Cot his prother Cain had never come pehind his pack and knock't out his prains. Dis vas a murdering villian, so he was obliged to overrun his country, and got him a wife in a strange land, which taught him strange tricks I will warrant you.

Thus, you see, peloved, how the sins of Roppery and Murder came upon the earth and prout a heavy shudgement upon the world; wat you think that vas?

I will tell you.

It proofed those parcel of plaguy Lawyers, Attornies, and Pum-Bailiffs, to top the people, and keep their estates and monies all themselves.

But after dis there came another sin upon the earth, and brought a heavier shudgement upon all the

the world; wat you think that vas?

I will tell you.

It was the sin of Trunkeness: for Cot's sake befare of trinking too much, for our grandfather Noah had no sooner scaped a scouring in the ark, and got safe on land again, but he went to the first alehouse he could find, and there he sat trink, trink, all day long and all night, and then came home trunk and abused his family.

The sin of Trunkeness, my peloved, prout a heavier shudgement then all the rest; and vat a heavy shudgement do you think it profed?

Why I will tell you.

It prout dese destroying locusts, dese consuming caterpillars, those hellish vermin, those cursed Egyptian plagues join'd all together, **EXCTSEMEN** and **CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS**, to pry into every nook and peke for every drop of coot drink, Cot confound them all; and from them *Libra nos Dominus*, that is to say, Lord deliver us.

In the dreadful day of shudgement, when the pastors shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to their charge, and I your poor unworthy parson, shall be called to give an account of the sheep delivered to my charge.

And when the Lord calls I will not speak.

And when he calls a second time, I will not answer.

But when he calls a third time, I will say as old Eli bid Samuel, 'On say, Lort for thy servant heareth.'

And when he asketh for the sheep delivered unto my charge, before I ot, I will tell him flat and plain, *You are all turned Goats.*—AMEN.

A

AN ODD SERMON,

Preached on Michaelmass Day 1736, at the Funeral
of Mr. ROBERT PROCTER, of Burston-Hall,
in the County of NORFOLK.

BY MR. H I N.

TEXT ON 1 Tim. vi. 12—*Fight the good Fight of Faith.*

B ELOVED, we are met together to solemnize the Funeral of Mr. Robert Procter; he was of the Family of the Procters in Yorkshire; sometimes at Burston hall in this County; at which Time his Brother was High-Constable of this Hundred; This Man of whom I now speak, was Mr. Robert Procter; his Wife's Name was Burston: She was formerly Wife of Mr. Matthew Burston; she came from Helldenhall beyond Norwich; he was a good Man, and a Man of God, and a good Husband, and she was a good Woman, and a good Housewife; and they two got Money together: Beloved, I shall prove to you, that he was a good Man, and a Man of God, by several demonstrative Arguments: First, he was a charitable Man to the Poor, a loving Man to his Neighbours, a favourable Man in his Tythes, and a pitiful Man to his Tenants: Here sits one Mr. Spurgon, who can tell a deal of Rent he forgave on his Death-bed: Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God? and his Wife was a good Woman; she came from Helldenhall beyond Norwich: A second Argument to prove this was a good Man, and a Man of God, is this, that in the Time of his Sickness, which you know was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole and Mr. Shimpkin, to pray with him: Beloved, he was not so selfish a Man to be prayed for alone, but he desired them to pray for his Friends and Relations, for Mrs. Burston, and for Mrs. Burston's Children, against it should please God to send her any; and to his Prayers he devoutly say Amen, Amen, Amen: Now, Brethren,

was

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may remember, it is not many Years since I preach'd
at the Funeral of Mrs. Procter; I told you then of
many of her excellent Virtues; but least you should
forget them, I shall tell you of one of them; she was
a good Housewife, and as good a Knitter as any in
the County; for after her Husband, and the rest of
the Family were in Bed, and the Fire raked up, she
would sit her down upon her Knees and knit for
several Hours: Beloved, she knit me a Pair of
Stockings in the same Manner, which was the best
that ever I wore in my Life; but the Days are short
and the Weather is tedious, I shall not detain you
any longer. I think I have sufficiently prov'd this to
be a good Man, and a Man of God; and his Wife was
a good Woman, she came from Hellden-Hall beyond
Norwich: But least the Particulars should slip your
Memories, I shall repeat them over again to you:
There was his Kindness to his Friends and Neigh-
bours, his Favourableness to his Tenants, his Pitiful-
ness to the Poor, and his Devoutness in praying, as
appears by his saying Amen, Amen, Amen, to the
Prayers of Mr. Gibbs, and Mr. Cole, and myself:
Likewise his transcendant Charity to the poor Beggar
Boy, which came over the River Tweed, upon the
Back of an old Cow, from Scotland, in binding him
Apprentice to a Gunsmith in Norwich, in marrying
him to his Wife's Kins-woman, in bringing up his
eldest Daughter to Woman's Estate, in marrying her
to so honourable a Gentleman, in giving so vast a
Portion, as is well known to you all; and the rest
he gave to her Sisters: Now was not this a good
Man, and a Man of God? and his Wife a good
Woman? she came from Hellden-Hall beyond Nor-
wich: Well, Beloved, he has now done his Work
on Earth, in fighting under the World's Banner
courageously, valiantly and manfully, *In fighting the
good Fight of Faith*; good Husbandry, and getting
Money: He is now singing Hallelujah's in Heaven,
where we will leave him.

The aforesaid Sermon was really preach'd at the Place and Time, and on the Occasion mentioned, being so extraordinary a Piece of its kind, it cannot fail pleasing every Reader who has a Taste for those Writings, which are not in a vulgar Way.

POLITICAL SERMON.

THE Parson of KILMACOMICK, in ROSSSHIRE, is noted for an odd excentric style of preaching, perpetually interlarding his ghostly councils with temporary politics. This is sometimes carried so far, and borders so strong on the ludicrous, that his pious Brethren have thought fit to spread insinuations of a crack in his upper story. He is nevertheless beloved by his parishioners, caressed by the country gentlemen, and every where followed by admiring crowds as a first rate pulpit-orator.

Not long ago he took it into his head to preach on the following passage of scripture:

1 Kings xxii. 47. *There was then no King in Edom: a Deputy was King.*

My friends, said he, the former part of the text doth not apply to the present times. We have a King, a virtuous, a religious King, whom God long bless and preserve!

I, therefore, wish to confine your attention to the latter clause; for as a Deputy was King in Edom, so now a Deputy is King in Britain.

And who is this Deputy? you will say. Truly a stripling called WILLIAM PITT; who, not in courage and patriotism, but in age and aspect, resembles DAVID when he went to fight the Philistines being,

being but "a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance." Thus is fulfilled the saying of the Prophet Isaiah, "I will take from them their honourable men and aged counsellors, and give them boys and women to reign over them."

Now, who do you think the Deputy has made a great man? I am ashamed to tell you. No other than our countryman GEORDIE ROSE.

But to return—moreover, what blessings do we owe to the government of this same Deputy?—To speak for myself, I owe him the loss of a window in my study, which I shut up rather than pay for the light of the sun.

Had I not got a new hat at Sir TOBY TRENCHERS' wedding, I must have owed him so much for that: and did not my wife work my mitts, I should be forced to pay him for gloves.

I pay him a halfpenny for every newspaper,—but that I do not marvel at, as they generally bring me accounts of his iniquities enormities.

Even there is poor JANNET PURDY pays him five shillings for leave to sell her snuff. But don't be cast down, JANET; keep your heart up, and your stoups clean, and let me know when you brew next.

But yet again, nevertheless, howbeit, I am as independent a man, though not so rich, as the *Laird*, who, by the bye, might have been here to day, had he not been drunk last night—I know it, for I was with him. Ah, my friends, beware of drunkenness!

The coat I now wear was spun by my wife there sitting among you. I have no *mitre* in my eye, nor *lawn sleeves*, those rags of the *Babylonish whore*. And verily much I rejoice thereat; for who knows but I might be tempted by Satan, as others have been, to gainsay the truth for the sake of filthy lucre?

But now I will not cease to warn you of your dangers, temporal and eternal. I will lift up my voice against iniquity in high places. I will cry aloud aloud against the rulers of the land, who would have us make brick without straw. And if ye will not listen to me, I will call to the very fowls of heaven and the fishes of the sea, as once was done by St. ANTHONY of Padua, which being a story full of edification, I shall tell it you, [*Here he related at length the legend of St. ANTHONY preaching to the fishes.*]

Thus will I do. I will preach to the sea-gulls if I cannot be heard by those of the land. But my hope is better; yea my hope is, that ye will be gulls no longer. Look to the nation whom ye were wont to despise; the nation whom ye had in contempt for slavery and superstition—the French—lo, they are slaves and superstitious no more! They struggle with famine and blood, rather than have a Deputy for King.

Not that I would have you do so; for they are very hare-um scare-um, I confess; and, though famous for taylor-work, have put off their old coat, ere they had a new one, or even a jerkin, ready.

I would not have you leave your ploughs and looms to study the *rights of man citizens*. No! no! I would only have you do what you can: to get a new Deputy set up, and to guard against his being a King.

To bring the matter nearer our own bosoms, I should now speak a word of Deputy DUNDAS, who hangs on king PITT as doth a barnacle on a rotten stick. But time fails I, shall, therefore, conclude by directing your meditations to this grand object, that a CHANGE in the only *chance* for reformation. Things may be better, they cannot be worse. For such a change then, speedy and happy, let us jointly and severally labour, and also, as at present, let us pray, &c.

EPILOGUE TO THE MINOR,
OR,

A METHODIST SERMON,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOT, ESQ.

NEAR the Mad Mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl,
 Friends, Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Sons & all,
 Shut up your Shops and listen to my Call;
 With Labour, Toil, all second Means dispence,
 And live a Rent charge upon Providence;
 Prick up your Ears, a Story now I'll tell,
 Which once a Widow and her Child befel,
 I knew the Mother and her Daughter well;
 Poor, 'tis true, they were, but never wanted,
 For whatsoe'er they ask'd, was always granted;
 One fatal Day, the Matron's Truth was try'd,
 She wanted Meat and Drink, and fairly cry'd,
 (CHILD) Mother yon cry!

(MOTHER) I have got no Bread,

(CHILD) What matters that? truly Providence arn't
Dead!

With Reason good, this Truth the Child might say,
 For there came in at Noon, that very Day,
 Bread, Greens, Potatoes, and a Leg of Mutton,
 A better sure a Table ne'er was put on:
 Ay, that might be, ye cry, with these poor Souls,
 But we ne'er had a Rasher for the Coals;
 And d'ye deserve it? how d'ye spend your Days!
 In Pastimes! Prodigality! and Plays!
 Let's go see FOOT? ah! Foot's a precious Limb!
 OLD NICK will soon a Foot-ball make of him!
 For foremost Rows in Side-boxes you shove,
 Think you to meet with Side-boxes above?
 Where giggling Girls, and powder'd Fops may sit,
 No, you will all be cram'd into the Pit,
 And croud the House for Satan's Benefit!
 Oh! what you snivel,—well, do so no more,
 Drop, to attone, your Money at the Door,
 And, if I please, —I'll give it to the Poor.

AN EXTEMPORE
SERMON ON MALT,

Preached at the request of two Scholars,

BY A LOVER OF ALE,

Out of an hollow Tree.

*Why need the Drunkard strive his Ales to smother,
Drink runs but out of one Hog's-head into another.*

BELOVED,

LET me crave your attention; for I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a brief Sermon, upon a small subject, to a thin Congregation, in an unworthy Pulpit.

And now, beloved, my Text is MALT, which I cannot divide into sentences, because it is none; nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, because (upon the whole matter) it is but a monosyllable; therefore, I must, as necessity enforces me, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be only these four,

M, A, L, T, Malt.

My beloved, M, is moral,
A, is allegorical,
L, is literal, and
T, is theological.

The Moral is well set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; wherefore,

M, my masters,
A, all of you,
L, listen,
T, to my text.

The

The *Allegorical* is, when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. Now the thing spoken of is bare MALT, but the thing meant is STRONG BEER, which you drunkards make,

M, meat,
A, apparel,
L, liberty, and
T, treasure.

The *Literal* is according to the letter ;

M, much,
A, ale,
L, little,
T, thrift.

The *Theological* is according to the effects which it works ; which I find in my text to be twofold ;——
First, In this world ;——Second, In the world to come.

In this world, the effects which it works, are,

In some, M, murder,
In others, A, adultery,
In some, L, looseness of life,
In others, T, treason.

In the world to come,

In some, M, misery,
In others, A, anguish,
In some, L, languishing,
In others, T, torment.

Wherefore my first use shall be exhortation ;

M, my masters,
A, all of you,
L, leave,
T, tipling.

Or

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Or else, secondly, by way of commination, I say,

M, my masters,

A, all of you,

L, look for

T, torment.

So much for this time and text; only, by way of caution, take this; a drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the destruction of reason, the brewer's hog, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbour's scoff, his own shame, a walking swill-tub, the picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.

Say well and do well, end both with a letter,

Say well is good, but do well much better..

AN ODD

SERMON ON THEFT,

PREACHED

BY MR. WARREN, LECTURER OF GREENWICH.

WITNEY, (a Highwayman) meeting once with one Mr. WARREN, Lecturer of Greenwich, after he had robbed him, he said it was a long time since he heard a Sermon, and therefore commanding him to give him one; which the Minister for fear of his life, complied with, saying his Text was THEFT, which not being to be divided into Sentences, he was obliged to divide it into Letters.

T, H, E, F, T,

T, H, E, F, T, Theft.

Now T, saith he is theological,
 H, is historical,
 E, is exegetical,
 F, is figurative, and
 T, is tropological.

Now the Theological Part of my Text, is according
 to the effects that it works, which are two; First,
 in this world; Secondly, in the world to come. —

Now the effects that it works, are

T, tribulation,
 H, hatred,
 E, envy, and
 F, fear, and
 T, torment,

For what greater tribulation can besal a man, than
 to be debar'd from liberty.

Again, ye have

T, theft, the subject,
 H, hatred, of all men, as well as
 E, envy, of thy Jailors, next, ye are always
 in
 F, fear, of being apprehended; and then
 nothing but
 T, torment, ensues.

And then as for the Historical Part of my Text,
 History tells us, that the Emperor Frederick III.
 condemned all Thieves to the Gallies: The Ex-
 egetical Part, is when you pursue your evil
 Courses. The Figurative is, that though you
 seem to be a gentleman, yet you are a rogue.
 And the Tropological Part is, in drawing a word
 from

from its proper signification, to another sense, as
in calling you most famous Thieves. I desire
your Attention; Let him that steals, steal no
more; or else,

T, take care,
H, hanging,
E, ends not,
F, felony,
T, at Tyburn.

Which Sermon pleased him so well, that he gave
him his ten Pounds again, and ten Shillings for
preaching it, and then rode away seeking whom
he might devour.

ANOTHER ODD

SERMON ON THEFT,

PREACHED

BY PARSON HYBERDINE,

Which he made at the command of certain THIEVES,
after they had robbed him, beside Hartley-Row in
Hampshire, in the Fields there, standing upon an
Hill whereon a Windmill had been, in the presence
of the THIEVES that robbed him.

(Taken from the original Manuscript in the Cottonian-
Library.)

I Greatly marvel that any man presume to dispraise
thievery, and to think the doers thereof to be
worthy of death, considering it is a thing that cometh

so near to virtue, being used by many in all countries, and commended and allowed of by God himself; the which thing because I cannot compendiously shew unto you at so short a warning, and in so sharp weather, I shall desire you gentle audience of thieves, to take in good part those things that at this time come into my mind, not misdoubting, but that you, of your good knowledge, are able to add much more unto it than this which I shall now utter unto you.

First, Fortitude and stoutness of courage, and also boldness of mind, is commended of some men to be a virtue; which being granted, who is it then will not judge thieves to be virtuous, for they be of all men most stout and hardy, and most without fear. For thievery is a thing most usual among all men; for not only you that be here present, but many others in divers places, both men, women and children, rich and poor, are daily of this faculty, as the hangman at Tyburn can testify, and that it is allowed of by God himself, as it is evident in many stories in Scripture, for if you look into the whole course of the bible, you shall find that thieves have been beloved of God; for Jacob when he came out Mesopotamia did steal his uncle Laban's kids, the same Jacob also stole his brother Esau's blessing. And yet God said, *'I have chosen Jacob, and refused Esau.'* The children of Israel, when they came out Egypt, did steal the Egyptian's jewels of silver and jewels of gold as God commanded them so to do. David in the days of Abiather the high-priest, came into the temple and stole the hallowed bread, and yet God said, *'David is a man after mine own heart.'* Christ himself, when he was here on earth, did take an ass and a colt that was none of his own. and you know that God said of him, *'This is my Beloved in whom I delight.'* Thus you may see that God delighteth in thieves. But most of all I marvel that men can despise you thieves, whereas in all points almost you be like unto
Chris

Christ himself ; for Christ had no dwelling place, no more have you ; Christ went from town to town, and so do ye ; Christ was hated of all men, saving of his friends, so are you, Christ was laid wait upon in many places, and so are you ; Christ at length was caught, so will you be ; he was brought before the Judges, so shall you be ; he was accused, so shall you be : he was, hanged, so shall you be, he went down into Hell, and so shall you do ; marry In this one thing ye differ from him for he arose again, and went into Heaven, and so shall you never do, without God's great Mercy ? which God grant you ? to whom with the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be all Honour and glory, for ever and ever, AMEN.

This his sermon ended, they gave him his money, again that they took from him, and two seillings to drink for his Sermon

EPITAPH

IN PADDINGTON CHURCH-YARD.

BOTH young and old that passeth bye,
Remember well that here lies I ;
Then think on death, for soon, too true,
Alas ! 'twill be, that—here lies you.

EPITAPH

IN A CHURCH-YARD IN HAMPSHIRE:

HERE lies I, and live no more I don't.
Because the Lord did not think fitting on't.

A CURIOUS

A CURIOUS HAND-BILL.

THOMAS TOUCHWOOD, Gent.

PROPOSES on the last day of this present November, to shoot himself by subscription. His life being of no further use to himself or his friends, he takes this method of endeavouring to turn his death to some account; and the novelty of the performance, he hopes, will merit the attention and patronage of the public.

He will perform with two pistols, the first shot to be directed through his ABDOMEN, to which will be added another through his BRAIN, the whole to conclude with staggering convulsions, grinning, &c. in a manner never before publicly attempted.

The doors to be opened at eight, and the exhibition to begin precisely at nine. Particular places, for that night only, reserved for the ladies. No money to be returned, nor half price taken.

Vivant Rex & Regina

N. B. Beware of counterfeits and impostors. The person who advertises to hang himself the same night: in opposition to Mr. Touchwood, is a taylor, who intends only to give the representation of death by dancing in a collar, an attempt infinitely inferior to Mr. T.'s original and authentic performance.

DISCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY FAIR.

GRAZIERS, drovers, bull-doggs, oxen;
Butchers bragging, landlords foxing;
Rapping, roaring, thumping, pricking
Blatant beasts for only kicking;
Jockies spurring, cursing, lying;
One-ey'd horses, dirt a flying;

Broken

Broken shins, and, d——n your blood, Sir,
 Clear the way, he's sound and good, Sir.
 Waggon's, carmen, drums a rattling;
 Popping, thrusting, joking, prattling;
 Raree-shews of short and long men;
 Bears and tygers, weak and strong men;
 Pockets emptied, bills unpaid, and
 Rogues at dead of night afraid; and
 Many a bargain, if you strike it—
 "This a Fair is—how d'ye like it?"

A Person in the North, who had lost a Leg by amputation, had it buried, and the following Inscription put over the Grave.

HERE lies the leg of Master Conder;
 The man's alive, and that's a wonder:
 It was cut off by Doctor Johnson,
 The famousest surgeon in the nation.

E P I T A P H

On a WOMAN, who used to COOK and BREW for Families.

NO longer for my loss deplore,
 My meat's all dress'd, my cooking o'er;
 My ale's all out, my vessel's broke,
 My malt's cōsum'd, both straw and coke;
 My fire's extinct, my glass is run,
 My light's gone out, my work is done.
 Alive I roam'd, but now am bound
 Fast in Death's kitchen under ground.

The following Lines appear on a Head-Stone in the Church-Yard of Newport, in the Isle of Wight:

YE passengers as ye pass by
 Stop and on us cast an eye,

As you are now so once was we
As we AM now, so will you be,
Prepare to die and follow WE. }

To the Honourable Commissioners of the

E X C I S E,

The humble Petition of PATRICK O'CONNOR,
BLANEY O'BRIAN, and CARNEY MAC-
QUIRE, to be appointed *Inspectors and Overlookers*,
(vulgarly called *Excisemen*) for the Port of CORK,
In the Kingdom of IRELAND.

AND whereas we, your aforesaid petitioners, will
both by night and by day, and all night and all
day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride,
and take and bring, and send and fetch and carry,
and we will see all, sieze all, and more than all, and
every thing, and nothing at all, of all such goods
and commodities, as may be, and can be, and can-
not be liable to pay duty.

And we your aforesaid petitioners, will at all times,
and at no time, and times past, be present and absent,
and be backwards and forwards, and behind and be-
fore, and be no where and every where, and here
and there, and no where at all.

And we, your aforesaid petitioners, will come and
inform, and give information and notice, duly and
truly, wisely and honestly, according to the matter
as we know, and don't know, and by the knowledge
of ourselves, and every one and no one, and we will
not rob or cheat the king any more than is now law-
fully practised.

And

And we, your aforesaid petitioners, are protestants, and gentlemen of reputation, and we love the king, and we value him, and we will fight for him, and against him, and we will run for him and from him, to serve him or any of his family or acquaintance, as far and as much further as lies in our power dead or alive, as long as we live.

Witness our several and seperate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us both together.

PATRICK O'CONNER,
BLANEY O'BRYAN,
CARNEY MACQUIRE,

Money makes the Mare to go,

A NEW WAY TO KNOW THE WORLD

A dialogue between Neighbour TUMBLETURF and
Neighbour CHOPSTICK.

CHOPSTICK.

GOOD-morrow to you, neighbour Tumbleturf, pray can you lend me your grey Mare to take a ride some eight or ten miles to day?

Tumble.—Why really goodman Chopstick, I am just going to carry some bags of Corn to the mill, to get ground, for my Wife wants flour sadly.

Chop.—There is no grinding to day, neighbour, I heard Cogg the Miller, tell Dick Hobson, that the Mill was in back flood.

Tumble.—Say you so, neighbour, I am sorry for that. Then I must ride to town and get my Wife some flour, or she'll be out of all patience.

Chop.—You need not do so, neighbour, I have got flour enough, and can lend you some pecks of mine.

C 2

Tumble

Tumble.—Your flour may not please my Wife, she's very particular.

Chop.—No flour can please her so well; why it was ground out of the last Corn I bought of you, which you said was the best you ever had in your life.

Tumble.—'Twas special good indeed, special good, neighbour Chopstick :—there is nobody so willing to lend as I am, but my Mare does not eat Hay well, and I am afraid she will not hold out.

Chop.—No matter for that, neighbour: I can get her two or three feeds of corn upon the road.

Tumble.—Corn is very dear, neighbour.

Chop.—That's true, but when one's out upon Business it dont signify you know.

Tumble.—It is a foggy time, and my Mare has been hard work'd, neighbour, besides my saddle is broke and I have lent my bridle.

Chop.—It matters not; I have a saddle and bridle of my own.

Tumble.—But your saddle will not fit my Mare neighbour.

Chop.—Then I can borrow of neighbour Rogers.

Tumble.—His is as bad as yours.

Chop.—Than I can be fitted at the 'Squire's, the Groom is an honest fellow.

Tumble.—Why neighbour Chopstick there is nobody you know so willing to lend as I am, and you should have had the Mare with all my heart, but she has got the skin rubb'd off her back as broad as my hand.

Chop.—I'll get the groom to stuff the saddle, nobody stuffs a saddle so well as Dick Groom, the poor beast shan't be hurt.

Tumble

Tumble.—Nobody is so willing to lend a neighbour as I am, nobody so willing: but my Mare is in rough order, her mane wants pulling sadly.

Chop.—That is soon done, neighbour, I can do that my self, and Dick Groom will help me.

Tumble.—But now I think on it she wants new shoes.

Chop.—There is Time enough for that, the days are of a good length, the Mare trots well, and we have a blacksmith at hand.

Tumble.—Aye, as you say, the Mare trots well, and the Days are of a likely length, both for Master and Man, but our neighbour Blacksmith cannot Shoe her easy. I always take her to Market, and get her shoed by Ned Hammerwell. He shoes her to pattern.

Chop.—My road lies through the town; it will be none out of my way.

(Enter Tumbleturf's Servant.)

Tumble.—Here is neighbour Chopstick wants to borrow my Mare, Tom, prithee step and see if her shoulder is not much wrung. (Exit Tom.) There is body so willing as I am to oblige a neighbour, when I can; but (Re-enter Tom.)

Tom—Wrung, aye, Master, she is wrung, indeed the skin is rubbed off the poor jade as broad as my back; she is not fit to ride, besides I promised her to Goodman Ploughshare, to fetch a Quarter of coals. You know he has but two of his own, and if he can't have ours his must be idle.

Tumble.—Why indeed, neighbour Chopstick, I am sorry it happens so, There is nobody so willing to as I am, and I wish I could let you have the Mare, but we cannot disapoint Goodman Ploughshare, for we owe him help, I am sorry it happens so.

Chop.—I am sorry too, because it wil be a hurt to both of us. You must know, neighbour I received a line from Sir Thomas Wiseacre's Steward to come
over

over directly. There is a bargain of Timber to be sold, and if I miss, another chapman my step between, which will be twenty Guineas out of your way, for if I buy, you'll have the job of carrying it. I spoke about it. Sir Thomas pays well, and twenty Guineas is a good deal of Money you know, but as the Mare is ill, there is an end of the matter,

Tumble.—Twenty Guineas did you say?

Chop.—Yes, twenty Guineas: but as the Mare is not fit to go, I must stay at home, and there is an end of the matter, neighbour.

Tumble.—Here Tom, tell Goodman Ploughshare that he cannot have the Mare to day, for neighbour Chopstick wants her, and must not be disappointed. Another day must do for him.

Chop.—But how can we manage about the Flour, and the Saddle and Bridle, and about getting her shod. Besides if the Mare is ill you know

Tumble.—She is not so ill but she will carry you very well. She eat her hay well this Morning. As to flour, my wife can stay some days. I have a new Saddle and Bridle; yon shall be welcome to them tho' they were never used. The Skin is not rubbed off broader than my finger, and now I think on't she was new shod but yesterday. She will carry you well, neighbour Chopstick, and I wish you a good journey and success with all my heart.

Chop.—Thank you, neighbour Tumbleturf, a good morning to you.

If you would borrow of a friend,
That has nor will nor heart to lend,
Let his own interest take the lead;
His interest best your cause will plead,
For, sirs. It always happens so.
That Money makes the Mare to go.

A SAILOR IN TOWN



HIS LASS

OLD BACHELOR

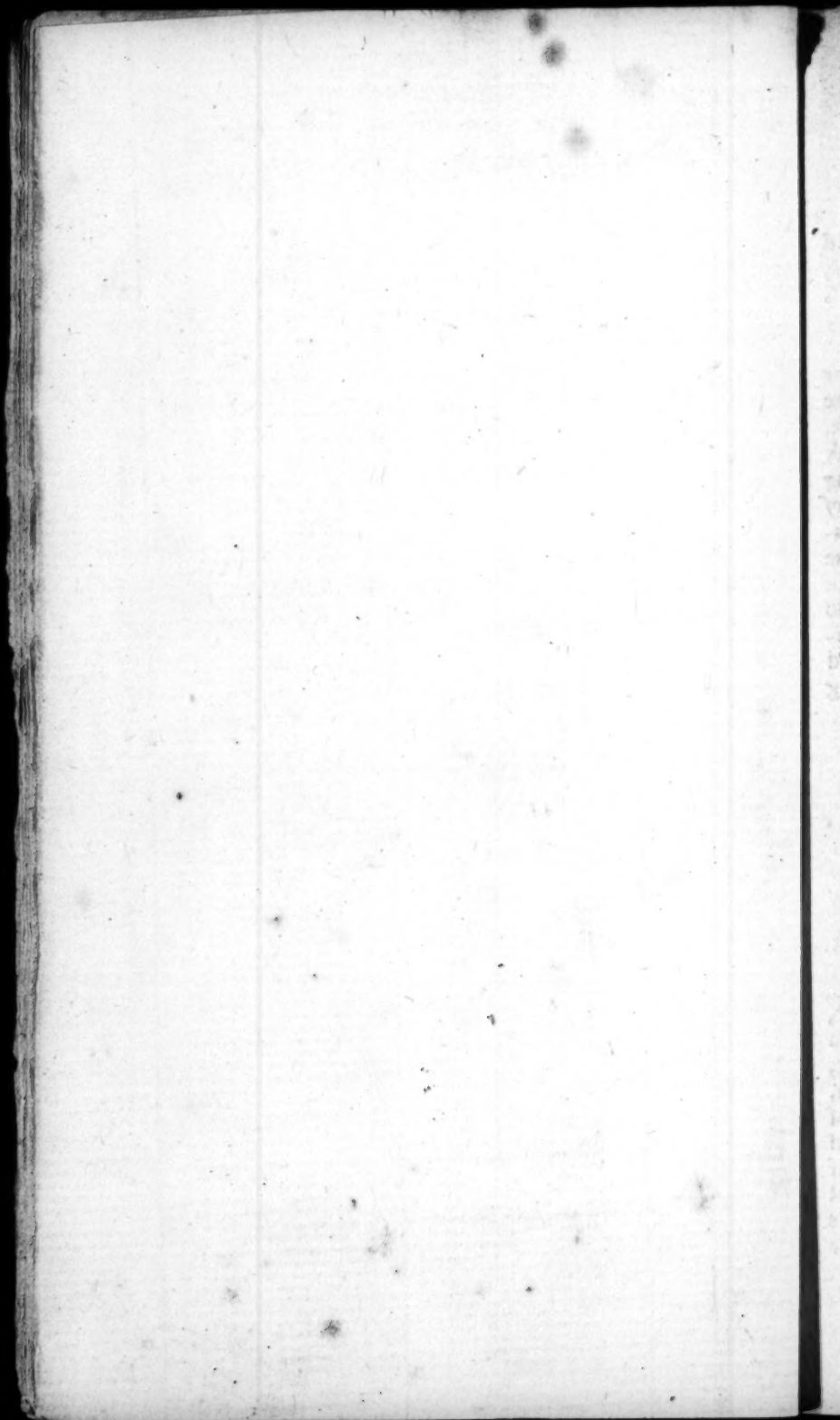
IN THE COUNTRY

THE MAID



OLD MAID

THE MISTRESS



From the Newgate-Calendar, Vol. I. Page 409.

A CURIOUS SERMON,

—NOW, my beloved, what a melancholy consideration it is, that men should shew so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body, that can remain at most but a few years; and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the age of eternity! O what care! what pains! what diligence! and what contrivances are made use of for, and laid out upon, these frail and tottering tabernacles of clay: when alas! the nobler part of us is allowed so very small a share of our concern, that we scarce will give ourselves the trouble of bestowing a thought upon it.

WE have a remarkable instance of this, in a notorious malefactor, well known by the name of JACK SHEPPARD! what amazing difficulties has he overcome, what astonishing things has he performed, for the sake of a stinking miserable carcase, hardly worth hanging? how dexterously did he pick the PADLOCK of his chain with a crooked NAIL? how manfully did he burst his FETTERS asunder, climb up the CHIMNEY, wrench out an IRON BAR, break his way through a STONE WALL, and make the strong DOORS of a DARK ENTRY fly before him, till he got upon the LEADS of the PRISON? and then fixing a BLANKET to the Wall with a SPIKE he stole out of the CHAPEL, how intrepidly did he descend to the top of the TURNER'S HOUSE, and how cautiously past down the STAIRS, and make his ESCAPE at the STREET-DOOR!

O that ye were all like JACK SHEPPARD!—Mistake me not, my brethren, I don't mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense, for I purpose to spiritualize these things

things.—What a shame it would be if we should not think it worth our while to take as much pains, and employ as many deep thoughts to save our souls as he has done to preserve his body!

LET me exhort ye then to open the *locks* of your hearts with the *nail* of repentance: burst asunder the *fetters* of your beloved lusts; mount the *chimney* of hope, take from hence the *bar* of good resolution, break through the *stone wall* of despair, and all the *strong holds* in the dark entry of the *valley of the shadows of death*: Raise yourselves to the *leads* of divine meditation: Fix the *blanket* of faith with the *spike* of the church. Let yourselves down to the *turner's house* of resignation, and descend the *stairs* of humility: So shall you come to the *door* of deliverance from the *prison* of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

AN ODD ADVENTURE
OR THE
POOR POET OF CRIPPLEGATE,
(*A sympathetic Tale*)

ONE Night in the melancholy month of November, as I was sitting in my garret, by the side of a fire with very little heat, and a candle with very little light, ruminating on the various follies and pursuits of men, reflecting on the riches of some, and the indigence of others; figuring in my mind the waste, riot, and superfluity of many among us poor mortals, and of my own excessive poverty, sometimes sighing, and wishing I had strength sufficient for a bricklayer's

labourer

abourer: at others, my head reclining on my hand,
 my toe tapping, and my mind philosophizing on the
 nature of man, how few is real, how numerous his
 imaginary wants, and how exceedingly happy and
 charitable I could be if I had thirty pounds per year.
 In the midst I say of these my cogitations, I heard a
 double rap at the door, just as I was distributing out
 of my supposed plenty, half a crown to a blind beg-
 gar, and a bone to his dog. My reverie was at an
 end; a double rap was uncommon at the door of the
 poor, the rich seldom call there—I listned. My
 landlady was gone out, and the intercession for ad-
 mittance was repeated. I took my candle and ran
 down stairs.—My imagination hurried me away so
 fast, that I forgot my waistcoat was unbuttoned, and
 that my old brown coat had but one lap——I
 knew not but it might be some lord who had acciden-
 tally heard of my poverty and merit, and had flown
 to my relief. There are, doubtless, numberless lords
 and great men who would have done it, had they
 heard of me. It was not their fault. In my haste to
 get down, one of my old shoe-slippers and my woolen
 night cap flew off. The rain that had half deluged
 my garret floor informed me, that I must not stay to
 gather them up, the poor creature at the door would
 be wet. I opened the door to a young lady I thought
 at first it had been an angel. She started back a little.
 Indeed I had been very ill, and my cloths where not
 quite so good as I could have wished; she advanced,
 and begged in a trembling voice, to besure it was a
 sweet one, that I would let her stand in the passage
 for a moment, and shut the door, for she was appre-
 hensive of being pursued by some rude men, and
 being a stranger she knew not how to avoid them—
 Had she presented me with a roll and red herring
 instead of that fair soft hand, it had not been half so
 welcome though I cannot say but I was very hungry.
 I drew her in, and instantly shut the door. I told
 her that the people belonging to the house, did not
 happen

happen to be at home, but if she would kindly condescend to walk up into my poor garret, she should be very welcome.—To be sure it is but a poor place continued I but indeed you shall be very welcome. Her eyes glistened. She looked as though she had not power to deny my request; She sighed, I led, and she followed. My night cap and slipper were replaced.—I handed her the only chair in the room: I was sorry it had not a back.—I stood by the side of her and observed her give a timid glance round my poor garret, then turn her head away, wipe her eyes, and smother the rising sigh—Indeed she was an angel! I began to wish for riches, youth, and beauty, while I gazed upon her. Vain and silly man is always wanting, never satisfied—What right had I to be discontented, or wish for any thing but what I had—But man is never satisfied, as I said before.

PRAY Sir, said the divine cherub, will you be kind enough to send for a bottle of wine, to the tavern over the way: I am somewhat faint—Yes indeed I replied if I had any money, with all my soul; but—I hope you—you will not be offended that I have it not in my power—I am very sorry for it—I would ask them to trust me, but I am afraid they will not—However I will try, and I will promise to pay them as soon as ever I can—I hope they will not laugh at me—I will try.

SHE caught hold of my hand as I was turning about, and almost drowned it with her tears—Pray Sir, said she, sobbing with pity and benevolence, as I thought, do not be offended that I intrude thus upon you, be Pleased to take this, presenting me her Purse; I am very hungry likewise; pray Sir, be so kind as to order them to send me a fowl or any thing they have—Do not be offended Sir—Offended! Oh that I could entertain you according to my wishes!

said

said I—but pray do not send all this money by me, they perhaps may suspect that I have stolen it—They may perceive, nay they know indeed that I am poor—I offered the purse, she received it, though I thought she looked as if she wished I would keep it—She gave me half a guinea, and I did as I was desired.

THE waiter followed me up stairs.—I cannot say but I imagined he had a very impudent kind of a look, and rather an inquisitive stare—though to be sure he might well be surprised to see so beautiful a creature, and so well dressed too, in my poor garret. I was amazed myself, nor could I scarcely believe I was awake. She gave him a shilling as his own perquisite. He took it, gazed on her, stared at me, cast his eyes round the room, and departed.

“Come, Sir,” said she, “pray let me intreat you to eat a little bit of supper with me. I cannot eat indeed, if you sit by without eating. Nay, pray Sir come:—I will draw the table, and sit upon the corner of the bed. Do, Sir, take the chair.”

Her eyes were brim full again. Indeed she was an angel!—I was so very hungry, and she asked in so sweet a manner, that it was impossible to resist. It was a fine fowl, and the sweetest I think I ever tasted in all my life. To be sure I was very hungry.—She said at first she was hungry likewise. I could not see any thing that she had eaten, except picking one of the side bones.—She seemed to mind nothing only helping of me. I told her of it. She gave me a smile of the most enchanting complaisance, and replied she was entirely happy to see me eat.—her hunger was abated.

WELL, to be sure, every time I looked at her, every time I recollected my self, I could not help thinking this was an odd adventure.

WHEN supper was over, and little remaining of the fowl except the bones, the sweet young creature asked me how long I had lived in my present lodging.—I told her fifteen years, but that there was a new landlady come to the house, and I was afraid she would turn me out, for that I had had a severe fit of sickness, which had taken not only the trifle of money which I had, but had likewise unfurnished my garret, and that my quarters rent had been due about a week, which had caused my present landlady, as I imagined to speak in a very surly manner to me.—I would sell my bed to pay her, continued I, with all my heart, but they give so little for second hand things, that I am afraid that will not do.

WELL, to be sure, I thought it very strange. I could not say a word, but this kind angel was wiping her eyes.

THE waiter now came as he had been ordered, to fetch away the plates and other things which had been sent over with the fowl. As he was going out again he met my landlady entering the door.—“Hey day!” exclaimed she, “what are those? and where have you been;”—“Up stairs into the garret,” returned the waiter, “with a fowl, to your lodger and a fine young lady that is with him.”—“Up stairs into the garret with a fowl!”—Yes, into the garret with a fowl and a bottle of wine, to raise his spirits I suppose:—I think they want it.—She is a fine young creature to besure, but I think she has made a damned queer Choice.

Up stairs rush’d my landlady and in a menacing gesture cried out “how now Mr. shabroon. What do you mean by junketting here with your kept Madams on Wind and Fowls, it would better become you to pay honest parsons their own” kept Madams replied the dear little Angel, directing her hand to her pocket and taking from thence her purse, I hope you do not mean to call me one,” by this time the landlady who had caught a sight of the purse, began to think the better way would be to proceed moderate-

ly

ly, replied in a voice somewhat lower, "no to be sure Madam there is not a detenter or civiler Parson in all Cripplegate, but I have 4 Children to provide for, and they cant eat words as a body may say, I only want my own." "upon my word said I, I will pay you as soon as I am able,"

"Pray sir said this Angelic Creature how much do you owe this woman" "eight shillings interrupted my landlady, for a quarters Rent, and seven-pence halfpenny farthing, I lent him out of my own pocket at varisom Times," my Heart was so expanded with Gratitude. that I thought it would burst on seeing this kind Creature pay my merciless landlady, I could only exclaim with Tears in my eyes "surely this must be an Angel" Indeed (said my Landlady as she went out of the Room) "she is an Angel and you have reason to pray for her, as long as you live."

The landlady having retired, an emotion of Pity, seemed to labour in her breast, and what I thought very strange was her tears encreased every Time she beheld me, having at length recovered her speech, "pray sir said she was you ever married," yes, too well I remember the happy Time never to be recalled, 'till the allwise Providence thought fit to separate me from my amiable Maria, Alas she met too hard a Fate, I Pray Sir said the Kind Angel wiping her Eyes if I don't desire too much, be so kind as to relate the Particulars of your Misfortunes.

"Indeed, although the Relation may recall some Things to my memory. that I often wish I could forget, yet I will relate it, it was at Lisbon in the horrid war of Elements, that dreadful Commotion of the Earth, that I lost the Partner of my Bed. my Beloved Maria, and Sophia, the little darling of my Soul, in whose innocent Prattle, the fondness of a Parent, discerned all the Virtues that——

I am, cried this Angel, weeping with great Emotion, "I am your Daughter"—Gracious Heaven is it possible! —Sophia had the Mark of a Strawberry on her Breast,—I have it said she embracing me,—I am your Daughter,—My Mother is three Doors off, leave this inhospitable Dwelling—overwhelmed with Joy I scarce could stand——O Reader if you have ever unexpectedly found an Amiable Wife and a beloved Daughter. then you may know, what were at that Instant the Sensations of the *Poor Poet of Cripplegate.*

They related that all my Effects were safe,—that their lives were preserved by almost a Miracle, they had tried all they could to find me, for upwards of ten years, at last they had learnt my Place of Residence from a Poor Soldier, whom I had relieved a twelvemonth since

Let all Persons learn from this never to despair of Providence, let their Afflictions be ever so great and that Charity will return fourfold.

A P A R A D O X.

I met two active Creatures, who,
Had but one Leg between the two,

And next a Thing without a Foot,

Or Leg, and yet it had a Boot,

When all the three so swiftly past,

Few on two Legs could run so fast ;

Ye Wits if Wits ye truly be,

Say what three things were met by me.

Quack

THE QUACK DOCTOR'S SPEECH,

To the Credulous Mob.

Supposed to be Spoke by the famous *Lord Rochester*:

GENTLEMEN,

I WALTHO VAN CLAUTERBANK, High German Doctor, Chymist and Dentrificator, native of Arabia Deserta, Citizen and Burgomaster of the city of Brandipolis, seventh son of a seventh son, unborn Doctor, of about 60 years experience; having studied over Galen, Hypocrates, Albumazar and Paracelsus am now become the *Æsculapius* of this age; having been educated at 12 Universities, and travelled thro' 52 kingdoms and been Councillor to the Councillors of several Monarch's, natural son of the wonder working chymical Doctor, Signior Hanesio, lately arrived from the farthest part of Utopia, famous throughout all Asia, Africa, Europe and America, from the Sun's Oriental Exaltation, to this Occidental Declination; Out of mere pity to my own dear self and languishing mortals. have by the earnest prayers and entreaties of several Lords, Dukes, & honourable Personages, been at last prevailed upon to oblige the World with this Notice.

That all persons young or old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, curable or incurable; may know where to repair for cure, in all Cephalagias, Paraletic Paoxysim, Palpitations of the Pericardium, Emphyemas, Syncopes and Nasieties, arising either from a Plethory, or a Cacochymy, Vertiginous Vapours, Hydiocephalus, Dissentreys, Odontalgic or Podagricall Inflammations, Iliac Passions, Ictericall Effusions, Exanthematea, the Hen Pox, the Hog Pox, the Whores Pox, and the small Pox, the Ascites; Tym-

pantie;

panties, Anasarca, and the entire Legion of Lethiferous Distempers.

Imprimis. Gentlemen. I have a never failing styptic, corroborating, odoriferous, anodinous balsamic balsam of balsam's made of dead men's fat, rosin and goose grease; which infallibly restores lost Maidenheads, raises demolished Noses, and by its abstersive Cosmetic quality, preserves superannuated bawds from wrinkles.

Item. I have the true Carthamophra of the tripple kingdom, my never failing Heliogenes, being the Tincture of the Sun, deriving vigours, influence and dominion from the same light: It causes all complections to laugh or smile, at the very time of taking it: Is seven years in preparing and being compleated, secundem artem, by Fermentation, Cohobation, Calcination, Sublimation, Fixation, Philtration, Circulation and Quidiblication, in Balneo Mariæ, Crucible and Fixatory, the Athanor, Cucurbita and Reverbatory, is the only sovereign medicine in the World.

This is Nature's Palladium, Health's Magazine; it works seven manner of ways, in order as Nature itself requires. for it scorns to be confined to any particular way of operation: so that it effecteth the cure, either Hypnotically, Hydrotically, Cathartically, Poppismatically, Hydrogogically, Pneumatically, or Synecdochically, it mundifies the Hypostragium, wipes off obstersively, those tenacious conglomerated sedimental Sordes, that adhere to *Æsophagus & Vescera*; extinguishes all supernatural Fermentations and Ebulations, and in fine, annihilates all Nosotrophical morbidic Ideas of the whole Corporeal Compages. A dram of it is worth a bushel of March Dust; for if a man chance to have his brains beat out, or his head chopped off, two drops, (I say two drops, Gentle-

men

men) seasonably applied, will recall the fleeting Spirits, reinthroned the deposed Archeus, cement the discontinuity of the parts and in six minutes restores the lifeless trunk to all its pristine Functions, Vital, Natural and Animal; so, that this, believe me, Gentlemen, is the only Sovereign Remedy in the World.

I have the chiefest Antepudenda Gragrian Specific in VENUS's Regalia, which infalliably cures the French Pox, with all its train of Gonorrheas, Buboes and Shankers, Carnosities, Phymosis, Paraphymosis, Christallines, Priapismus Caudalomata and Regades. without Baths and Stoves, and that with as much pleasure as the same was contracted; so that tis worth any persons while to get this modish distemper once a fortnight if is be to be had for love or money, to enjoy the benefit of so diverting a remedy.

I have the Panchymaggon of *Hermes Trismegistus*, an incomparable Spagyric, Tincture of the MOON's Horns, which is the only infalliable antidote against the contagion of Cuckoldom.

Besides my *Vermifugus Pulvis*, or Antivermatical Worm conquering Powder, so famous for destroying all the sorts of them, incident to human Bodies, breaking their complicated knots in the Doudenum, and dissolving the phlegmatic Crudites that produce these Anthropophagous Vermine: it hath brought away Worms by Urine, as long as the May - pole in the Strand, when it flourished in its primitive prolixity though I confess not altogether so thick.

Look ye, Gentlemen, I have it under the Hands and Seals of all the greatest Sultans, Sophys Bashaws, Viziers, Chams, Serasquiers, Muftis, &c. in Christendom, to verificate the truth of my operations, that
I have

I have actually performed such cures as are really beyond human abilities.

I cured PRESTO JOHN'S Godmother, to the great Admiration of all the Court, of a stupendous dolour, about the Os Sacrum, so that the old Lady really feared the Perdition of her huckle bone; I did it by fomenting her Posteriors with a mummy of Nature, alias called Pilgram's Salve, mixed up with the Spirit of Mugwort, tartargraphated through an Alembic of Christalline Transfluency.

Thence I was sent for to Sultan Gilgon, Despot of Bosnia, who was violently afflicted with the Spasmus, he came to meet me 300 leagues in a go-cart, but I gave him so speedy an acquittance of his Dolor, that the next night I caused him to dance a Saraband with Flipflaps and Somersets.

I restored Virility and the Comforts of Generation to above 150 Eunuchs in the Grand Seignior's Seraglio, and by a pair of prolific Pills, lately caused a Vintner's Widow, who had been barren all her days, to conceive of a Man Child in the twelfth Lustre of her age, without the help of her Husband.

I cured likewise the Dutches of Baramolpho, of a cramp in her Tongue, and the Count de Rodomontado Corrupt, with an Illiac passion, contracted by eating buttered Parsnips.

I also cured an Alderman of Grand Cairo, who had been sick 7 years of the Plague, in 46 minutes: and by the like Empyrical Remedies, I lately cured Duke Philorix, of a Dropsey, of which he died.

VENIENTI OCCURITE MARBO, down with your Dust; PRINCIPIIS OBSTA, No cure, no money, QUÆRENA PECUNIA PRIMUM, be not sick too late.

You

You that are willing to render yourselves immortal buy this Pacquet, or else prepare to the sign of the Prancers, in Vico volgo dicto Ratcliffero, something South East of Templum Dancium, in the Square of Profound Close, not far from Titter Tatter-Fatr, and you may hear, see, and return Re-infecta.

A RECEIPT

To make a TRUE METHODIST.

TAKE the roots of hypocrisy and spiritual pride, of each two handsfull; of ambition and vain glory two pounds; boil them down on the slow fire of a sour temper, till you can perceive the ingredients swim on the top; then ferment with the spirit of rancour; add six ounces of the fine sugar of deceit, and one quart of the juice of dissimulation.

Put it in the bottles of envy, and stop it with the corks of malice; when these ingredients have subsided make them into pills of self interest, gilded with the leaf of public zeal.

Take six in the morning on the tongue of slander; and five in the evening in a glass of frowardness, then repair to the society house to hear nonsense by way of genteel exercise, groan much, sigh often, roll your eyes; keep a handkerchief in one hand and the hymn book in the other. be continually singing and when you say your prayers, let it be so loud as to disturb (if possible) the neighbourhood.

This will enable you by degrees, to gain more easily your own ends: nay, to gratify your carnal appetites. should you be so inclined, under the cloak of sanctity, revile the church, though you are supported by its licence, or its privileges; rail against its ministers, especially those, whose good sense makes them formidable to you; and when opportunity serves, overturn all whom you consider as rivals.

By making a proper use of this receipt, there is no danger of your becoming in time, a true Methodist.

The genuine **LAST WILL & TESTAMENT,**

OF A VIRTUOSO,

I Nicholas Gimerack, being sound health of Mind, but in great weakness of body, do, by this my last Will and Testament, bestow my worldly Goods and Chattels in manner following.

Imprimis, To my dear wife—

One box of butterflies,

One drawer of shells,

A female skeleton; and

A dried cockatree.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth—

My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars.

As also, my preparations of winter May-dew,

and embryo pickle.

Item, To my little daughter

Three crocodiles eggs

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent—

The nest of an humming Bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgement for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath,—

My

My last year's collection of Grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child
I bequatch—

My english weeds pasted on royal paper.
With my large folio of Indian Cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend, Dr. Johannes Elscrickius, professor in Anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath—

My rat's testicles, and
Whale's penis,

To him and his issue male; and in default of such issue in the said Dr. Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since—

A horned scarabaeus,
The skin of a rattle snake, and
The mummy of an Egyptian king,

I make no farther provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son John, having spoken disrespectfully of his little sister whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do eisininherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single Cockleshell.

To

To my second son Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, Mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butter flies, caterpillars, grasshoppers and vermin. not above specified : as also all my monsters, both wet and dry ; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last Will and Testament ; he paying, or causing to be paid the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

DEAN SWIFT'S

M A W - W A L L U P,

A Dainty Dish, or, Quality Mess,

B E I N G -

*A rare Receipt, quite scalding new,
To make a mess of French Ragou,*

JUST after you've din'd, take a dish that is large,
and into it what you have eaten discharge ;
Then get all the rest that are at the table,
To spew in the same as long as the're able !
Let them strain very hard, 'till all is brought up,
For, the more spew there is the better the soup ;
Break the lumps undigested, and thick clotted stuff,
Strain all through a handkerchief, snotted with snuff ;
Add a pint or a quart of tough yellow phlegm,
From a cough that is rotten hawk'd up with a--hem ;
Then a pint of strong liquor, from very sore legs,
Beat up in a dish with a few rotten eggs ;
Stew these in a bed han, just warm from the bum,
And stir it about with your finger and thumb ;
Then

Then to this decoction. add the spices that follow,
 Some cloves newly taken from teeth that are hollow
 Some scabs from a scald head, some sweat from the toes;
 Some quids from the Mouth, and some plugs from
 the nose,

But first the scabs moisten, the quids and the plugs,
 With the juice of sore eyes, and the liquor of bugs,
 Season all with an onion, pulled from a sore ear,
 Corruption, and all;-- if it be not too clear;
 Then add cabbage leaves, taken off from a blister,
 With a large liquid stool, procured by a glisten;
 Then put in the pipe, that is just taken out,
 If besh-t, 'tis the better, and stir it about,
 And in stead of your lemons, and oranges Seville,
 Squeeze in a child's t--d that has got the King's evil
 But--if you would have it *exceedingly nice*,
 Add of ear wax one ounce, from the head y--score lice,
 And still an improvement is made to the dish,
 If you add thereunto, a few bits of proud flesh.
 But a few fine peas newly squeezd from old issues,
 By all is agreed, make it vastly delicious,
 And if you would have it still thinner than this,
 Dilute it to your taste, with a little cat's piss

Examined and approved, by me

A-Misco-Monsieuro-Magirus

THE A T H E I S T.

CAPTAIN MAG FITZ, had been every thing
 in his prime; he had killed his man, ruined his
 woman, broke his taylor, kicked waiters out of
 windows, and hummed the Parsons: he had been
 a free thinker, a fine Gentleman, a buck, bleed and
 free

speaker ! quite the thing, as a toast master, and one of the highest fellows, formerly about the garden. All the women of spirit, both on and off the town, were fond of him : there was not one remarkable club, fit for a genius, and a man of fashion to be admitted into, but he was made a member of that Society,

But alas, as the finest linen may, when grown old and much worn, be made into tinder, so natural is it for bloods about town, when old, and worn out, with tinder like constitutions, to twinkle to the last in the same rotten condition.

The Captain had for some time past been a casual dependant on a publican, for board and lodging ; but the poor gentleman, falling sick, was removed out of the alehouse garret, and carried into an untenanted house, and an uncurtained bedstead, a flock bed, and two or three hospital blankets, laid for him to die in.

It is common for chimney sweepers to mark a house which is not inhabited, and steal up the first time they find the door open to get the soot away : the maid of the ale-house had, that morning, very early, been to see how the Captain was, because she had dreamed of him that Night three times successfully, coming down carelessly, she left the door ajar ; his two chimney sweep boys saw, and up stairs they darted into the room, where the Captain was, who at the very instant, had taken up the chamber pot and was kneeling on the bed, but at their appearance down he sunk frightened, upset the earthen ware urinal, and crept under the bed cloaths, in a very wet, terrify'd and awful condition.—The boys did not mind him, but went about their work up the chimney.

Doctor

Doctor Space presently came up stairs to see the Captain: they had been many years intimates: the Doctor was a great materialist, and disprover of Religion, a Philosopher, Orator and Syllogism maker to the Farthing fields Society. Now altho' the Physician was a fine free thinker, because he was a Scholar; the Captain who was a fine Gentleman, was no thinker at all, but took his friends Opinion, as he did his Medicines upon trust.

Space, walking up the room, with all imaginable quack Consequence, like an over salery'd player's strutting at Rehearsal, came to the bedside; called out Captain, Captain Mac Fitz, the Captain shoving up the bed cloaths with his head, discovered under a dirty night cap his lank cheeks, lengthened by the fright, like an optical picture, and large globules of sweat standing in the wrinkles of his forehead, like pebbles in a plough furrow,—looking gashfully on his physical friend,—the Doctor seating himself on the bed side, taking hold of his patient's hand the following dialogue passed between them.

DOCTOR. My dear Captain Fitz, here is a foetid smell, which intrudes itself upon my Olfactoryes pray how do you do.

CAPTAIN. Do—do—Why, I am damned, that's all, and you are damn'd, and we are both damned, and there are two little devils gone up the chimney, waiting till the Wind rises to carry away our Souls;

DOCT. Captain, your ideas are coagulated! your Pia, and Dura mater, act inconclusively; the sensorium of your Pineal Gland is obnubilated; the valves of your imagination being too much relaxed to retain contact, you have a lucid caput.

CAPT. Capot, yes, yes, it is a Capot, and a repique too; Lucifer will Repique us, and we are damned I tell you; cant you say one prayer for us both; do, try; perhaps that would drive the Devils off for an hour or so—Stay I can say some of the Belief myself—As it was in the beginning is now—but I cant go on with it.—Lord, Lord, what a rogue have I been! I must be a fine gentleman, indeed, and cnt jokes upon Heaven, just to make the Ladies Laugh; and now Beelzebub will make me howl for it.—I have often said that Women have no souls—I wish I had no soul—what will become of of me!

DOCT. Captain I will investigate the non entity of such ideas instantaneously,—the soul is nothing more than an exhilarated vapour, which arises from organs being put in motion, as you will observe smoke issue from the axle tree of a broad wheel wagon.—As to talking of Devils it is all a fable, and you have the whole romance of it in *Paradice Lost*.

CAPT. Yes, Yes, I have lost *Paradice* sure enough—what a miserable Mummer I am; The Devil fetch me—Lord forgive me, for saying such wicked words—if I could live my time over again before I'd be a buck or a blood or a high fellow, I'd black shoes. How many fine Women's Reputations have I taken away wrongfully? I shall be toss'd upon the Points of their Pitchforks from one little Devil to another for that. How many Peoples pockets have I picked at Picquet and Billiards.—The Imps will pick out my eyes for that—Then I debauched my Friends wife and told of it afterwards—They'll pull out my tongue with red hot pincers, for that.

DOCT. Capt. I intreat attention.—corporeal Sensibilitys are extinguish'd upon a dissolution of the material Organs I therefore succinctly will I elucidate discriminately, that such Phantoms are Heterogeneous.

CAPT

CAPT. O Lord? no more of your un intelligibleness, you used to tell me there was no Hell, and I was such a fool as to believe you! for I was too fine a fellow to read myself.—Now what signifies all your Arguments, when there's two little Devils up the Chimney come to confute them?—If you can dispute with them do!—you used to be an Orator and make speeches—do, talk to the brace of Diabolical Ambassadors up the Chimney; if they'll take my Parole, for three or four years, but they won't, for Belzebub has sent an Action against both of us: I wish some good Christian would give bail to it.

Just at that instant, the boys had filled their Sack, and, down dropt on the Hearth: the room was instantly filled with Soot dust.—The Doctor was struck speechless; and the Capt. once more retreated beneath the bed cloaths, and creeping out at the feet, bending like a posture master, got that Way under the bed, praying all the while as well as he could, they would carry his Friend to Hell, without him.

The two boys lugged the Sack along the room, which the doctor observed; and turning down the blankets, and not finding his friend in bed, firmly believed the Devils were dragging him off; and fearing that his turn would come next opened the latch, crept out upon the penthouse, and was sliding off into the Street: but luckily for him, a baker's Boy, with an empty Basket going by received him; but the weight brought them all to the ground.—The Doctor crying out, for God's Sake, help, help, there are two devils in that house flying away with my Friend.

Away, a croud run up stairs, just as the two Boys had brought the sack out of the room, to the landing place

ing place ; but hearing people below, run up a pair of stairs higher, and left the sack upright at the door the mob seeing something black stand upon the stair head, halted, and call'd a council.—The Capt. who by this time, had put his head and two hands from underneath the bed, and looked like an overgrown turtle ; ———at the sound of the human voices got out. His wet shirt was now dirt dry'd, covered with woolly sweepings ; his night cap off, and hair all frizzled, he look'd like a mad Hottentot. In that figure barefooted, he padded to the room door——the mob below seeing him coming, call'd out the devil, and run down stairs. He tumbled over the sack, the soot came out after him, and all covered with dust, tramp'd out of doors. and run over the way. It happened to be a barber's shop, who had just lather'd a customer ; confusion immediately took possession of the Family——the man in the suds run one way, the barber another, the prentice hid himself in the necessary house, and the wife crept into the washing tub ; while Capt. Fitz. availing himself of this affright, unperceived, crept up into the first floor, which was rented by a girl of the town, and she was dead drunk in bed.—Into the bed, by her in that miserable Condition the Capt. crept ; but what the girl said when she awoke, nay the whole dialogue that passed between them, perhaps will be published in the next edition of the ODDITIES.

HIPPESLY's *DRUNKEN MAN*.

SO, here I am after all, thanks to a strong brain, a steady gait, and a sober Understanding ; the Rascals thought to have sent me home Drunk, but I came away as sober as I'd wish to be. I cannot
 think

...what pleasure People take in getting drunk
 it only serves to rob a man of his understanding, and
 makes his words totally un-in-tether-in-tether abl—
 —Betty, Betsy, bring me a pint of half and half,
 put it into one mug, and be sure you don't mix it,
 do you hear?—well, I'll set down a little, then I'll
 go to bed, why the back of this chair is behind, and
 that's more than ever I saw before—what have
 got here? the newspaper, well let us see—(reads)
 "Yesterday, as a certain great personage was going in
 his Chaise to Windsor, he fell asleep with the candle
 in his hand, and set fire to the bed curtains:—"Well
 that might have happened, and all from the careles-
 ness of the driver.—(Read again) "Extract of
 a letter from Rome, a few weeks ago, his Holiness
 the Pope was brought to bed of twins—that's a
 damned lie.—(Reads again) "On Saturday next
 "the little Manager in the Hay market will shut up
 "his Theatre,—well that's tit for tat, he has done
 "all he can to shut up another Man's Theatre, and
 now he's obliged to shut up his own.—(Reads again)
 "The Theatre Drury Lane, will open on Saturday
 next, with the School for Scandal and the Quaker,"
 —Why that's a propos enough, they have
 acted scandalously, and now are quaking for fear.—
 (Reads again) "On Monday the Theatre-Royal, Co-
 vent Garden, will open with the Merry Wives of
 Windsor; or the humours of Sir John Falstaff,"—
 why that's apropos too, for they have been leaning
 upon a *false staff* all along.—(Reads again) "Desert-
 ed about the beginning of June last, Mr Quick, Co-
 median," —deserted! why I never knew he was a
 soldier; —Oh? deserted from the Royalty Theatre I
 suppose they mean.—(Reads again) "Yesterday
 two Gentlemen of Property at the east end of the
 Town, were forced out of Covent Garden Theatre
 for hissing, and carried before Sir Sampson Wright,
 who found out they were right, told them he did not
 at first Ford into the business, but now he was able
 to

able to Dive into it; he perceived a small—*Coleman* was at the bottom of it, was sorry they had been so *Harris'd* and *Quick'ly* discharged 'em'——(*Rises*) I went to dine with my Lord what d'ye-call-um, yesterday, and he took me to the race ground to see his horse run, so he lost the first heat and won the second; so says I, my Lord, I give you joy; joy of what? says he, your horse is come in first at last,—first at last, my Lord, what do you mean? why he came in behind before.——I ask'd a friend the other day to go along with me to see the Play of Hamlet Prince of Dunkirk—Hamlet Prince of Dunkirk, says he? I never heard of such a Man, and I have got all the Roman Emperors in my closet at home, but I don't know any of their names that begins with an H, except it be Titus Vespasian——An odd accident happened in my family the other day; the coachman and Cook quarrell'd about who had travelled farthest, so in the scuffle the cook pushed the Coachman into the dripping pan; damn me says the coachman, but I have travelled farther than you, for I have been into Greece, and so he had for he was all over grease.——I don't suppose there is a man happier than I am in a family——have as good a Wife as man would wish to part with——and as fine Children as a man would stick a knife into;——there's my little boy Tom, he writes two very fine hands, one he can't read himself, and the other nobody else can read for him;——my boy Bill, had a terrible accident happened to him the other day, in turning round the corner of a street, he run against a lawyer, and has never been able to speak a word of truth since!—my little daughter Sal, is a sensible slut she was in the kitchen the other day, and her mother was taking a red hot iron out of the fire, to put into the heater, the child clapt her hand upon it and damn me if she did not take it away without bidding;—see's so sharp I don't think she can live long—she spent a week with the parson of the parish some time

ago

age, and curse me, if she did not mend his black Stockings with white Worsted, and sent the Parson hopping to Church like a Magpie.—Where the Devil shall I hide my Money to Night, my Wife always searches for it? —O! in the bible she never there that's the best place by far tho she's very fond of the whole duty of man tro;—she's very pious, she she knocks off the heels of her shoes a Saturday Night that she mayn't go to Church of a Sunday.—Betty, Betty, that damn'd jade goes up stairs forty times a day and never comes down again: —Betty, I say Betty.

The Entertaining and Facetious History of

JOHN GILPIN, LINEN DRAPER,

Shewing how he went further than he intended and came home safe at last.

As humourously delivered by Mr. HENDERSON
with repeated Applause, at the free Mason's
Tavern.

JOHN GILPIN was a Citizen
Of Credit and Renown,
A Train band Captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.
John Gilpin's Spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious Years, yet we
No Holliday have seen.
To morrow is our Wedding Day
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and Pair.

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My Sister and my Sister's Child,
 Myself and Children three,
 Will fill the Chaise, so you must ride,
 On Horseback after we.
 He soon replied, I do admire
 Of Woman kind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest Dear;
 Therefore it shall be done.
 I am a Linen Draper bold
 As all the World doth know,
 And my good Friend the Calender;
 Will lend his horse to go.
 Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, that's well said:
 And for that Wine is dear!
 We will be furnish'd with our own,
 Which is so bright and clear.
 John Gilpin kiss'd his loving Wife,
 O'er joy'd was he to find;
 That though on Pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.
 The Morning came the Chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allow'd,
 To drive up to the Door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.
 So three Doors off the Chaise was staid,
 Where they did all get in,
 Six precious Souls, and all a-gog,
 To slash through, thick and thin.
 Smack went the Whip, round went the Wheels,
 Were never Folks so glad;
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.
 John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seized fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got in hast to ride,
 But soon came down again.
 For saddle tree scarce reach'd had he,
 His Journey to begin,

When

Whenturning round his Face he saw,
 Three Customers come in,
 So down he came, for loss of time
 Although it griev'd him sore,
 Yet loss of Pence full well he knew
 Would grieve him still much more,
 'Twas long before the Customers
 Were suited to the'r mind.
 When Betty scream'd into his ears
 —The Wine is left behind,—
 Good luck! quoth he, yet bring it me,
 My leathern Belt likewise,
 In which I bare my trusty sword,
 When I do exercise.
 Now Mrs Gilpin, careful Soul,
 Had two stone Bottles found,
 To hold the Liquor which she lov'd,
 And keep it safe and sound.
 The Bottles had two curling Ears,
 Through which the Belt he drew:
 He hung one bottle on each Side,
 To make the ballance true.
 Then over all that he might be,
 Equipt from top to Toe,
 His long great cloak well brushed and neat.
 He mon'fully did throw.
 Now see him mounted once again,
 Upon his nimble Steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the Stones,
 With caution and good heed.
 But finding soon a smoother Road
 Beneath his well shod feet.
 The snorting Beast began to trot,
 Which galled him in his seat.
 So fair and softly, John did cry,
 But John he cried in vain.
 That Trot became a Gallop soon.
 In spite of Curb and Rein.

So stooping down as he needs must,
 Who cannot sit upright.
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands;
 And eke with all his might.
 Away went Gilpin Neck or Nought.,
 Away went Hat and Wig;
 He little dreamt when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.
 The Horse, who never had before
 Been handied in this kind:
 Affrighted fled, and as he flew
 Left all the World behind.
 The Wind did blow, the Cloak did fly,
 Like Streamer long and gay,
 Till Loop and Button failing both,
 At last it flew away.
 Then might all People well discern
 The bottle he had slung,
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As has been said or sung.
 The Dogs did bark, the Children scream'd,
 Up flew the Windows all
 And every Soul cried out well done!
 As loud as they could bawl.
 A way went Gilpin, who but he!
 His fame soon spread around,
 "He carries weight, he rides a race,
 'Tis for a Thousand Pound."
 And still as fast as he de drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a Trice the turnpike Men,
 Their Gates wide open threw
 And how as he went bowing down
 His reeking Head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back,
 Were shattered at one blow.
 Down ran the Wine into the Road,
 Most piteous to be seen

And made his horses flanks to smok,
 As he had basted been.
 But still he seem'd to carry Weight,
 With leathern Girdle braced,
 For still the bottle Necks were left
 Both dangling at his Waist
 Thus all through merry Islington
 These Gambols he did play,
 And 'till he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay.
 And there he threw the Wash about
 On both sides of the Way,
 Just like unto a trundling Mop
 Or a wild Goose at Play.
 At Edmonton his loving Wife
 From the Balcony espied,
 Her tender Husband, wond'ring much
 To see how he did ride.
 Stop John Gilpin here's the House,
 They all at once did cry,
 The Dinner waits and we are tir'd—
 Said Gilpin so am I.
 But ah! his Horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there,
 For why? his owner had a House
 Full ten Miles off at Ware.
 So like an Arrow swift he flew
 Shot by an Archer strong,
 So he did fly—which brings me to
 The Middle of my Song.
 Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his Will,
 Till at his Friend the Calendrer's
 His Horse at last stood still.
 The Calendrer, surprized to see
 His Friend in such a Trim,
 Laid down his pipe flew to the Gate,
 And thus accosted him :

F

What

What News, what News? the tidings tell,
 Make haste and tell me all?
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you came at all?
 Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
 And lov'd a timely Joke,
 And thus unto the Calendrer
 In merry strains he spoke.
 I came because your Horse would come,
 And if I well forbode,
 My Hat and wig will soon be here.
 They are upon the Road
 The Calendrer, right glad to find
 His Friend in merry Pin
 Return'd him not a single Word
 But to the House went in.
 Whence straight he came with Hat and Wig
 A Wig that drop'd behind,
 A Hat not much the worse for Wear,
 Each comely in its kind.
 He held them up, and in his Turn,
 Thus shew'd his ready wit—
 My Head is twice as big as yours
 They therefore needs must fit.
 But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs about your Face,
 And stop and eat—for well you may
 Be in an hungry case.
 Said John this is my Wedding Day,
 And folks will gape and stare,
 If Wife should dine at Edmonton.
 And I should dine at Ware,
 Then speaking to the Horse he said,
 I am in haste to dine.
 'Twas for your Pleasure you came here
 You shall go back for mine.
 Ah! lucklest Word and bootless Beast
 For which he paid full dear

For while he spoke, a braying Ass
 Did sing most loud and clear.
 Whee at his Horse did snort as if
 He heard a Lion Roar
 And gallop'd off with all his might
 As he had done before.
 Away went Gilpin—and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and Wig?
 He left them sooner than at first
 For why? they were too big.
 Now Gilpin's wife, when she had seen
 Her Husband posting down
 Into the Country far away,
 She pull'd out half a Crown,
 And thus unto the Youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
 This shall be yours when you bring back
 My husband safe and well.
 The Youth did ride and soon they met;
 He try'd to stop John's Horse
 By seizing fast the flowing Rein,
 But only made things worse,
 For not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 He thereby frighted Gilpin's Horse,
 And made him faster run.
 Away went Gilpin,—and away
 Went Post boy at his Heels;
 The Post boy's Horse right glad to miss,
 The lumber of the Wheels.
 Six Gentlemen upon the Road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 The Post boy scamp'ring in the Rear,
 They rais'd the Hue and cry.
 Stop Thief!—Stop Thief!—A Highwayman,
 Not one of them was Mute;
 So they and all that passed that Way,
 Soon join'd in the pursuit.

t all the Turnpike Gates again
 Flew open in short space,
 The men still thinking as before
 That Gilpin rode a race.
 And so he did and won it too,
 For he got first to Town.
 Nor stop'd till Where he first got up,
 He did again get down.
 Now let us sing—long live the King,
 And Gilpin long live he ;
 And when he next does ride abroad.
 May I be there to see ;

A CURIOUS LETTER

From

OLIVER PUZZLE - CAUSE.

S I R,

WILLIAM having received a Letter from Sarah,
 written by Charles, shewed the same to Roger
 who on Perusal, said, he wondered that Richard
 should be so indiscreet as to quarrel with James about
 Abigail, who was so extreme ugly. and consequently
 shocking, because that Edward had refused though
 asked to go to the play with Catharine.

Whereupon Philip, falling in a passion with Titus,
 swore he would be revenged on Patrick and therefore
 called Thomas, rogue, rascal, &c, Stephen, who was
 an eye witness to the abuse, and being Christopher's
 friend, sily tripped up Rowland's heels, and broke
 Jeremiah's head. Cuthbert on this drew his dagger at
 Edward ; and Archibald, trembling, with much ado,
 recovered his fright, resumed his natural intrepidity.

and

and in a cold sweat snatched Gilbert's pistol from Laurence and cocked his blunderbuss at Paul.

Whereat John being amazed, after some Consideration, secretly advised Samuel to apply to Leonard, with the help of George, privately to make an Affidavit against Arthur, to take out a writ against Henry and Rachael, at the suit of Timothy, executor of the last will and Testament of Jacob, but Peter objected that, wisely alledging that Robert being sick, had sent word to David, who was lately married to Hannah, to desire Jeffery, who had been taken in bed with Mark's Wife, to send his grandson Ralph to his cousin Bridget, earnestly to intreat his nephew Joshua, to go along with his brother Frank to make up the matter amicably with his aunt Susan but she refused to go with Jack.

Yet nevertheless, recommended Frederick and Humphry to Andrew, Simon and Luke: who after a long and grave consultation, ordered the Music to play briskly, and then went unanimously to Bartholomew.

So that having drank plentifully at Ned's till they were all intoxicated, having nothing to pay the Shot with, they drew their swords at Dick the lordlord, stabbed Robin, fell upon Lancelot, lamed Isaac, and had it not been for Solomon, had slain Cornelious.

Thereupon Nat rushed forward, and swearing at Marmaduke who had been asleep in Sally's lap, so incensed Walter and Martin, that Miles and Zachariah, without any regard to Matthew, threw bottles glasses &c. at one anothers heads: At which Abraham, who was Molls bully, being enraged, took Benjamin civil

es to Nell, and at the same Time in the highest fury imaginable. smiling & calmly sent Barnaby, Toby, and Giles to the Round house.

At which Anthony, half drunk, soberly started up and having first reeled two or three times about the room, put on an important wise look, made a fine speech nothing to the purpose, and then asked what was the matter! Whereupon Bryan, in a low voice loudly whispered Aaron, and perceiving that Alexander, was strangled astonished at their silent Noise, told Francis that his great grandfather Joseph was dead. at which unexpected news Nicholas awaked : and being in an ill humour, writ a soft Love song, whistled an opera air, and then withdrew to a Neighbouring Alehouse to drink a dish of Chocolate with Dudley. Which exasperated Job in such a surprising manner, that none of the Company wondered at it : only indeed Valentine, in the height of his resentment could not forbear going to hang himself,

However Allen ran undesignedly to the goal, in order to let out the aforesaid prisoners and having, without any noise broke open the doors, freed Gerard, Margery, and Betty, who baing apprehended at King's, by the timely Assistance of Bernard, were carried next morning before Hugh Noble, Esq. a trading justice in St Giles's and upon paying one shilling a piece, the whole affair was happily determined ; which is the most exact account that can be given hereof, by

Your humble Servant,

OLIVER PUZZLE-CAUSE

*From such Examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know—I know not what.*

A N

AN ODD SHOP BILL,

WATSON'S ADDRESS,

To the Ladies [and Gentlemen of *Thetford* and its
Vicinity,

WITH humblest deference we greet,
All those that pass along *Bridge Street*,
And beg they'd condescend to stop
And view the the Goods in WATSON's Shop;
Step in, and see enough you'll find
To please the Eye, inform the mind;
Goods, or for ornament, or use,
Such as few other Shops produce:

YE FAIR, to you our first respects
We pay as gratitude directs;
And in the Millinery way;
Our Goods with pleasure we'll display;
But here to tell, the Muse desponds,
Of Suffles, Catguts, Gauzes; Blonds;
While varying Fashions ceaseless range,
Constant in nothing—but in change,
Soon sees that cheap and slighted gown
Which reigns to day, the very Ton,
Of this besure whatever smart,
Or Court or City can impart,
By Coach or Diligence come down,
Inferior to nought in town,
Caps, Hats, Cloaks, Bonnets, Ribbons, Lace,
At easy Terms in highest taste;
Those too, who wish to improve the Mind.
Will something worthy Notice find,
First. theologic Truth profound,
Voyages the World around;
Rules for Drawing, Painting, Gilding,
Farming, Gardening, and Building;

Histories

Histories of Antient Days,
 Poems, Magazines and Plays ;
 Books of Roads and Books of Fairs,
 Bibles, Testaments. and Prayers ;
 Almanacks of every Kind,
 Memorandums too you'll find.
 Fenning, Dyck, and Dilworth's Spelling,
 Such as Children may read well in ;
 Primibers, Horn Books, Books of Pictures,
 Pleasing toys for infant Lectures.
 While each new work that gains Applause,
 On Literature, the State and Laws,
 Can be procured on Publication,
 So quick is the Communication ;
 Thus far applies to those who read,
 To those who write I'll next proceed, —

Here's Paper, ev'ry kind you'll mention,
 Ev'ry Country's best invention ;
 Marble, from the French and Dutch,
 (English, worth almost as much ;)
 Brown for packing, Purple, Green,
 Music Lawn and Mazarine ;
 Royal, Medium, quite inviting,
 Pot, and Foolscap, cut for Writing
 Elephant, and Cartridge too,
 Whitd Brown, and common Blue ;
 Blotting, Pink and Gold emboss'd
 Plain or Gilt, and Mourning Post ;
 Glaz'd, or having Lines upon it,
 Colour'd Pasteboard for a bonnet.

Quils and Pens, a beauteous shew,
 From the Turkey, Goose, and Cr.,
 Suited to the different Hands,
 and other Lands.

I ate from Hamburg wing'd their way,
 Or the Shores of Hudson's Bay ;
 Ink as black as darkest night,
 Truly flowing as you write,
 Ink from Wood of Brazil made,
 Glowing bright with ruby red ;
 Ink of genuine Indian make,
 Ink in Powder, or in Cake ;
 Ink stands elegant and neat,
 Furnished for the Desk compleat,
 There attract the curious Eye,
 Tempting many a one to buy ;
 Side by Side, in order stand,
 Ebon, Glass, and Book japaned ;
 Lead and Pewter ones; with sockets,
 Mixd with others for the Pockets ;
 Wafers, stained with motley hue,
 Yellow, Black, White, red and Blue
 Wax that holds the strongest Paper
 Wax, to burn in Rolls or Taper ;
 Folding Knives to fit your Hand,
 Rulers, Pounce, and shining Sand ;
 Indian Rubber, Paint in Drops,
 Shells, and Cups —and Pencil Tops ;
 Drawing Pencils, white and Red,
 Reed and Cedar, filld with Lead ;
 Slates and Pencils, smooth and clear,
 Brushes made with Camel Hair ;
 Baileys Cakes for Liquid Blacking,
 Balls to keep your Shoes from cracking ;
 Handy Books that have within,
 Iv'ry Leaves and Asses skin ;
 Pocket Housewife's and Etwees,
 Every Sort and price you please ;
 Cards or for Messages or Play,
 Or that Instruction do convey.

Music next my Verse employs,
 Music source of blameless joys,

Would

Would you inspire the warbling Flute,
 With Notes that melting Lovers suit,
 When Melancholy's soft controul,
 Calms the Passions, soothes the Soul,
 While Vibrates each expressive part,
 Unison with the Feeling Heart ;
 Or would you charm the Listening throng,
 With Notes more chearful or more strong,
 Let the brisk Clarinet invite you,
 Whose sprightly Tone will sure delight you ;
 Or jocund wind the mellow Horn,
 At Summers Eve, or Winters Morn,
 While Hill and Valley, Wood and Plain,
 Re-echo the enliv'ning Strain,
 These three I boast some little Skill in,
 To aid all Learners ever willing ;
 Those who enjoy with Taste refine,
 The Sweets of harmony combin'd }
 A rich toned Harpsichord will find
 To serve all honest fiddling fellows,
 I've Violins, Tenors, Violincellos,
 With every Instrument beside
 That swells of Harmony the Tide,
 Or charms, or stuns, or jarrs, or warns,
 Catcalls, Jewsharps and Post boys Horns ;
 Here to be collected you may see
 Songs in great Variety ;
 Solos Overtures Duettos,
 Trios, Symphonies, Quartettos ;
 New Concertos that will charm ye,
 Fav'rite Marches for the Army ;
 Country Dances, and Cotillions,
 Jiggs, and Minuets (by Millions) ;
 Catches, Gleees and pleasant Airs,
 Books to guide unpraetis'd Players,
 Strings of Catgut and of Wire,
 And what else you may require,
 When with mild and softning Power
 Music fills the vacant Hour.

Have you need of Physic's aid ;
 Physic too is WATSON'S Trade,
 Witness all the grand Elixirs
 Advertis'd from Week to Week Sirs,
 Daffy's Cordial, warm and Spicy.
 Sold in Bow Church Yard by Dicey ;
 Beaume de Sante, Beaume de vie,
 Bateman's Drops and Centaury,
 Jesuit's Drops, for certain ills,
 Hooper's, Scots, and Stomach Pills,
 Water Dock the Blood to stir up,
 Veleno's Vegetable Syrup :
 Drops by Radcliff, Smith and Stoughton,
 Louthers Spilsbury and Norton ?
 James's Powder strong and mild,
 Codfrey's Cordial for a Child
 Or Carminative by Dalby,
 Or the true Magnesia Alba ;
 Hatfields Tincture, Good for Bruises,
 Jacksons for Domestic uses ;
 Corn Salve, both from Bott and Lord,
 Pills and Drops from Doctor Ward ;
 Sweating Powders Paste for Piles,
 Fam'd Le Coeur's and British oils ;
 Greenough's Tincture, Black and Red,
 Snuff Cephalic For the head ;
 Herb Tobacco, English Coffee,
 Pills to keep the Vapours off ye ;
 Worm Cakes Issue Peas, and Plaisters ;
 Cures, in short, for all disasters !

The Sons of Flora next I'll mention,
 And hope to merit their Attention.
 When vernal Suns fresh Flow'rets bring,
 And burst the Blossoms of the Spring,
 How sweet the task to sow to plant,
 And I'll supply whate'er you want.

BULBS— from the Drop the earliest blows,
 And whitens midst its kindred Snows,
 To the gay Tulip's varied Coat ;—
PLANTS much too numerous here to quote ;
 With **SEEDS** of Annuals hardy—tender
 Some brave the Blasts of bleak December.
 While some of nipping Frosts afraid,
 Require the Hot beds fost'ring aid ;
 And Flow'ring **SHRUBS** of many Species.
 Enough to gratify your wishes :
 Nor should the usefull beforgot,
 Some Sow for pleasure, some the Pot,
 For these I've ev'ry Seed that suits,
 Of Herbs, Greens, Sallads, Pulse and Roots.

Here **OULE's** Limpid Current strays.
 And many a kind of Fish displays,
 The pike fell Tyrant of the Stream,
 Eels, Perch, and Gudgeons, Dace, and Bream
 And not unfrequently beside,
 Delicious Salmon stem the Tide,
 For those who love the sober Sport,
 Tackle have I of every Sort,
 Hooks, Lines, and Poles of various make
 Suiting whate'er you mean to take :

Others such calm Amusements shun,
 And to more active Pleasures run,
SEPTEMBER's first, much wish'd for Morn,
 Invites thee out at earliest Dawn,
 With Pointers staunch, and Guns well tryd
 To range the Champaign far and wide,
 See Cerlos stands—the Covey springs,
 Th'unerring Tube the Partridge brings,
 Prone to the Earth—The Sportsman glows,
 While the stuff'd bag his triumph shews :
 No Sportman I, —yet even here,
 To such shall I of use appear,

should

Should'st thou fall short of Ammunition,
 How vainly would'st thou curse th' omission,
 While many Birds escape shot free,
 Deride thy Negligence and thee ;—
 Come then to me, with pleasure I
 Will all thy various Wants supply,
 With Powder; neat from Battle mills,
 Which at unusual Distance kills ;
 With Shot, inferior to none,
 From Number Nine to Number One,—
 The Charge to draw, or Flint renew,
 Behold the Worm, and strong Turn screw ;
 Should e'en a Fowling piece be wanted,
 No further Seek, but take for granted,
 At shortest Notice I'll procure ye.
 Right tower Proof Barrels, to ensure ye,
 Mounted with Silver. Steel or brass,—
 In Stile few Workmen can surpass :
 Here the Post Office too is found,
 Hand bills are Printed—Books are bound :
 If cause to advertise you see,
 Agent am I, for Papers, three :
 Does a good Servant Want a Place,
 Or is a Master in Distress ;
 If to my Office they'll repair,
 I'll serve them with both speed and care :
 But lest your Patience be oppress'd,
 Brief let me be to name the rest ;
 I'm Hatter, Haberdasher, Hosier ;
 Linen and Woolen Draper, Grocer ;
 Furthur my Services extend,
 E'en at the Grave your faithful Friend.
 With Hat bands, Gloves, and Pall.
 Complete to serve a Funeral,

If then for ought you have occasion,
 Accept this timely invitation ;

G

And

And tho' but little you select,
 Ev'n Trifles have their due effect;
 My heart with Gratitude will flow,
 For ev'ry Favour you bestow;
 And, in all instances expedient,
 I'll gladly be your most Obedsent.

To the READER,

If the Thought of a Preface should in your Head
 Then take in its Place, the Bill of my Shop;
 You may say this is ODD, perhaps you'll say true,
 It may be so indeed, but I'm sure tis not new,
 I've follow'd the steps of the spelling Book Class,
 They place themselves first, I place myself last,

At No. 50, (now take Notice pray)
 BISHOPSGATE STREET, the little—a
 [LONDON is needless without doubt,
 Only it makes the Metre out,]

WILLIAM BAILEY, doth these Arts pursue,
 Letter press, Copper-plate, and Music-printing, too.

Performs and Sells, what is below;
 Read, and the Articles you'll know,

WELL printed from my Office, go
 Large posting COACH BILLS, Those also
 For WAGGONS, NAVY and ARMY,
 Or small HAND-BILLS, to Alarm ye,
 Of HORSES lost or stray'd CATTLE,
 And of stolen Goods or Chattle,

CLUB

CLUB-BILLS t^e invite those jovial Souls,
 Who Porter quaff or flowing Bowls,
 With CATALOGUES of this and that,
 Stock or Goods no matter what,
 Estate Partic^lars, Sales in Trade,
 Or those which are by Candle made,
 Correctly done, sent home in Time,
 Else I should deem it much a Crime ;
 TOBACCO-MARKS of JEFF, that Joaker
 Or Others, for to suit each Smoker.
 And COPPER-PLATES engraved neatly,
 Repaired or printed quite compleatly ;

As I do work at such a Price,
 'Twill suit the Frugal or the Nice :
 SHOP-BILLS I have printed long since,
 At the Rate of Four and six-pence
 Per Thousand ;—or as Size and Papers vary,
 Then a different Price they carry :
 For CARDS, (tho best,) mind what I say,
 One Hundred Two SHILLINGS you'll pay ;
 If then two hundred you should have,
 No more than Shillings four I crave ;
 For five hundred, you pay me NINE ;
 SIXTEEN One Thousand, quite as fine,
 But if a common Card you'd have,
 A Trifle in Expence you'll Save.
 But then this Truth I must reveal,
 That I for READY MONEY deal ;

The PRINTING done, 'tis Time to tell,
 What Goods I in my Shop do sell.

IMPRIMIS, Music of every Sort,
 Fit for the City, Town or Court ;
 Song for Nymphs, and Swains that's dying,
 Or those who're tenderly complying ;
 War ditties for the Brave and Bold,

G 2

Like

Eikewise at my shop ate sold
 Some hum'rons Extravagancies,
 Made to tickle all your Fancies ;

Instruction Books to teach with Ease,
 By some call'd Tutors, if you please
 Blank rul'd Books of various Prices,
 And Ditto Paper of all Sizes, —
 Duettos, Trios and Cantatas,
 With charming Solos and Sonatas :
 Quartettos, and Quintett's the best,
 With Corelli, Handel and the rest,
 Of ancient Authors scarce and rare,
 And choicest modern Works are here.
 Besides Fiddles, Bridges, silver'd Strings,
 With Bows and Pegs, and other Things :
 Strings, Steel or Brass, and also Roman,
 There indeed, I'll yield to no Man,
 Cases of all Sorts, fine Guitars,
 Drums, and Music for the Wars,
 Clarinets, Hautboys, English Flutes.
 And Desks, and Stands, and Fiddle Mutes ;
 Fine Harpsichords and Spinnetts too,
 That's either Second hand or New ;
 Bassoon, with Piano Fortes,
 And other Instruments, all sorts ;
 Best Ruling Pens, Crow Quills and Reeds,
 Mouth pieces, and what else there needs.

MUSIC, writ out from any Master
 So soon, ther's few can do it faster ;
 Transpos'd, if it should suit your Mind,
 To any Instrument you're inclin'd.

Your Instruments when out of Tune,
 You may have put in order soon,
 Neatly repair'd, if they require
 Either in the Wood, or Wire.

But.

But stop!—I had forgot to tell,
 GERMAN FLUTES, I have to sell;
 For SHILLINGS SIX, (the Price must win ye)
 What many sell for HALF A GUINEA.
 (If not a p^{ro}ov'd, at some Time hence,
 You may exchange at no Expence.)
 Fifes at a SHILLING, good and sound,
 As any in the Town are found.

§ If to learn Music you're inclin'd;
 A Teacher good you'll also find,
 Upon the Fife, Guitar, or Flute,
 Just as it may your Fancy suit;
 Twelve Lessons for a GUINEA taught;
 Which sure a Trifle must be thought
 He learns you by the Notes, 'tis true,
 Tho' not one Note before you knew;
 With other Instruments likewise,
 He teaches at a mod'rate Price.

NOTA BENE; Those Ladies Fair,
 Willing to learn on the Guitar,
 May with a Female-Teacher meet;
 One that you will allow compleat.

¶ Your Shop Bills also at any Time,
 You may have put into jingling Rhime,
 With Drinking, Hunting, Pastoral,
 Humorous Songs or what you will
 In Poetry, wrote in any Measure,
 To set to Music when you've Leisure;
 And those fir'd with Poetic Wit,
 May have their Works to Music set.

Customers, then come along
 To my SHOP, lest you go wrong,
 Ask, you'll surely find the Way,
 For BISHOPSGATE STREET; the little
 In what I promise, I'll not fail ye,
 I'm yours, &c.

WILLIAM BAILEY.

The surprizing History

OF

A W O N D E R F U L A P E,

That did belong to a Gentleman at Marseillas.

A Gentleman of Marseillas having bought a Monkey to divert his Children, it played several of the most comical tricks imaginable, Among others, having one day observed the maid giving pap to the children, it took a fancy to do the like:

One Sunday the whole family being gone to church the maid having left a saucepan full of pap near the fire; the Ape took it, and going up to the child, so bedaubed its face, that it was impossible to distinguish its nose from its eyes. Then he took the child's cloaths in order to dress it as the maid used; but this he did in a very awkward manner, putting the child's feet into the sleeves of the coat, and the arms where the legs should have been, so that nothing could make a more grotesque appearance, than the child thus dressed by the Ape. The child being thus oddly muffled cried out as loud as it could bawl, which made the unlucky animal leave it just as it was.

Just then the maid came from church, and seeing the child so accoutred, made more exclamations and signs of the cross than would have been sufficient to drive the devil out of the body of one possessed. After having quieted the child a little, she asked it who had dressed it in that manner? The child who was scarce three years old made the best answer it could.

Seen

Soon after the father and mother came home, and seeing the child in the same plight that the maid had found it were as much amazed as if they had drop'd from the clouds. The father however, who had more sense than the mother, immediately concluded that it was the Ape's doings, and could not refrain from laughter; but the mother taking the thing seriously, was for having the Ape killed without delay for fear it should play her children some worse trick another time. The husband however would not consent to this, but the Ape lived to play many stranger pranks as will appear from the sequel.

One day the people of the house being gone to take a walk, the Ape took a frolic to untie itself, and shave the cat, as he had seen a barber, who came there every Sunday, shave a gentleman. who lived in the house, in order to effect this, he tied the paws of the cat to the arms of the chair with strings, which he took from the child's cradle; then he went and took a dirty dishclout, which he found in the kitchen and put it about the cat's neck, then he took a dish full of black ball, and throwing a little water upon it when to wash the face of the cat, which set up a terrible howling, whilst the Ape washed it to such purpose that nothing appeared but the eyes, that done he clipped her beard with a bad pair of scissars, which he found on the table; then he began to play a thousand gambols about the room, overturning every thing that came in his way.

The gentleman soon returning with his company, laughed till he was ready to split his sides, upon seeing the cat in such a pickle, and called in his neighbours that they might partake of his pleasure, and see the surprizing feats of the Ape.

The gentleman however being at last apprehensive
that

that this animal might occasion some greater disorder in his house during his absence, sent him for a time to the house of one of his tenants, who had no children, enjoining him to take particular care of the animal,

The farmer had not kept him above a month when he occasioned him the loss of above fifty Livres sometimes he pulled up the peas and beans in his garden, sometimes he broke his earthen-ware, and sometimes he pulled the tiles off his house; in a word he played all sorts of unlucky tricks.

Being at last grown tired of his guest; he went to town on a market day in his Cart, in which he placed a fat hog, a runlet of wine, and the Ape which he intended to return to his master. The unlucky animal was constantly scratching the Hog's hind parts with his fingers, and perceiving that he farted by the way, took a wisp of Straw to cork him up; but finding that was not sufficient to prevent his farting, he pulled the spigot out of the tun in order to do it effectually; in the mean time the wine run out of the tun, without the farmer's even taking notice of it till he arrived in town, when he perceived that the vessel was quite empty, he did not however know how to account for it, not thinking that the Ape had played him this trick; but when he came to sell his hog, he found the spigot still sticking fast where the Ape had put it which so enraged him, that if he had not been afraid of disobliging his master, he would have killed him on the spot.

Having disposed of his hog, he went to the gentleman's in order to return him his Ape, and beg'd he would excuse him for not keeping him any longer, on account of the unlucky tricks he was constantly playing. The gentleman concerned to find that his Ape was so very vicious, was resolved to get rid of it at any rate.

Having

Having caused it to be chained with an iron chain in his apartment, in order to prevent its doing any mischief. He happened soon after to be seized with the cholic, which tormented him very much, he therefore sent for a physician, who immediately caused a medicine to be prepared for him, ordered the apothecary to carry it to him next morning, the apothecary did as he was directed, but having found the gentleman in a sound sleep, he did not care to awake him, but left the medicine cup on the table, and bid the valet de chambre give it to his master as soon as he awoke.

The ape having got loose, mounted upon the table and finding the medicine very palatable; swallowed it in a moment; the medicine being of a laxative nature, the Ape began to let fly about the chamber, and to run about, overturning every thing that came in his way: The gentleman hearing the noise awaked all on a sudden, and seeing the odd postures and strange grimaces of the Ape, was seized with such a fit of laughing that he found himself a deal better the day following. The matter came to be known all over the town and caused much laughter.

The chief commander of the gallies who was then at Marseillas, hearing of the pleasant feats of this Ape bought it of the gentleman, who did not keep it a long time; for this extraordinary Ape hearing the cannons fired upon Mr. Gulfe's entering the harbour of Marseilles, got loose one day, and went upon the walls of the city with a fire brand and meeting with a large piece of cannon, immediately clapped the fire brand to its touch hole, whilst the priming was taking fire, he ran to the mouth of the cannon to see what would come out, but the piece then going off, the Ape was blown away and never heard of after,

Such was the end of the wonderful Ape of Marseilles



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